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FOR A
LONELY
ISLE
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CAVALCADE

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FACT

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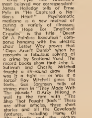
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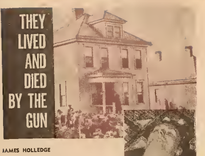
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NEXT MONTH

Ernie Pyle was America's most beloved war correspondent. James Holledge tells of Ernie Pyle in "He Captured a Nation's Heart." Psychomotic medicine is a new method of curing a variety of illnesses. "New Hope For Emotional Cripples" is the title. 'Quest Of A Painless Execution' compares hanging with the electric chair. Lester Way proves that 'Cops Aren't Dumb" when he recounts a fabulous solving of a crime by Scotland Yard. The record books show that John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell fought a 39-round draw. But was it a fight — or was it a farce? Ray Mitchell gives the facts. Gus Sorensen tells of strong men in "They Made With The Muscle." D'Arcy Niland is well to the fore with "The Ship That Fought Back." There are other articles, three short stories and all the Cavalcade features, including Home Of The Month and the picture stories.

THEY LIVED AND DIED BY THE GUN



JAMES HOLLEDGE

This bank robbery in 1938 cost six lives in one of the most violent gun battles between police and gangsters ever staged in U.S.A.

AT 9 30 on the morning of February 4, 1938, a powerful black sedan car pulled up outside a branch of the Ohio National Bank in the town of Columbus In it sat four men—the most dangerous and notorious bank robbers of the day, all of them branded "Public Enemy" by G-Man chief, J. Edgar Hoover.

Behind the wheel was thick-jowled, beetle-browed Carl Boettcher Next to him was a slanty-eyed tough from Cleveland named Steve Figuli In the rear seat lounged granite-chinned Jacob Miller and steely-eyed Vincent Grincowicz.

Each man was a killer, armed with a brace of pistols Each man—although he did not know it—was embarking on his last job.

That job—the robbery of the National Bank—they accomplished successfully, looting it of more than 10,000 dollars in currency. Before the sun set that afternoon, however, each was lying on a cold slab in the city morgue. With them were two courageous detectives, who had given their lives in a blazing battle to the death.

There was little harmony amongst the gangsters sitting in the car They were actually psychopathic criminal degenerates. They hated each other's "guts" and only combined because it was good "business" to do so.

Steve Figuli was waiting his chance to kill Vincent Grincowicz He wanted revenge for four bullets which Grincowicz had put in his back following a fight In October, 1937. Grincowicz, in his turn, was constantly on the verge of completing the job with another fusillade of bullets. He hated Figuli because the Cleveland criminal had once given the police information which led to the capture of his brother, Bruno Grincowicz, another notorious bank robber.

Jacob Miller, on the other hand, was openly threatening what he would eventually do to Boettcher. He was suspicious of Boettcher's luck when they played cards together and had accused him of cheating.

Finally, Miller had excited the animosity of all the others by his "bossing" and bullying. He insisted on assuming the role of leader on every criminal operation.

After a couple of minutes waiting to see if the coast was clear, the robbers were ready for action "Listen," ordered Miller as usual. "Boettcher stays here at the wheel. Steve gets the manager to open the safe Grincowicz and me pick up the dough."

The three men stepped smartly out of the car and crossed the pavement to the bank. They pushed open the door and entered.

"This is a stick-up!" roared Miller.

Frightened clients and officials raised their hands. The other robbers also began to bark orders.

"Back to the vault, you," ordered Figuli to the bank manager, stabbing a .45 into his body. When the man seemed to hesitate, the gangster threw out a hand and grabbed him by the neck.

He spun him round and propelled him before him to the door of a large vault, discernible in a corner behind the counter.

Fearfully the manager tried to explain that the vault was set on a time lock and would not open for another 20 minutes. "You're a liar. Open it up!" yelled Figuli.

He would have shot the manager on the spot had not Miller at that moment called out to him to hurry.

"Go to hell!" Figuli called back. He stopped his intimidation of the official and turned his attention to the money drawers in one of the teller's cages. Miller and Grincowicz bounded forward. With the agility of monkeys, they jumped on the counter and over the wire grilles in front of other tellers' cages. Bundles of notes were stuffed into canvas bags they pulled from their pockets.

Figuli obtained his quota of cash and took up a position in front of the counter, his automatic moving menacingly over the cowed prisoners Impatiently he called to the other two robbers to hurry Their only answer was a string of curses spat at him

Four minutes after they entered the bank the front door swung open and Boettcher ran in He too, urged haste. Enraged, Miller and Grincowicz raised their guns at him threateningly. Boettcher, however, did not wait to argue He turned and leaped back through the door Over his shoulder he flung a warning he would drive off without them if they were not in the car in one minute

Their arms full of money bags, Miller, Grincowicz and Figuli followed him. Impatiently Boettcher revved the motor as they clambered aboard. Six minutes after the bandits entered the bank their car roared away up the street and disappeared round a corner.

The robbery did not go unnoticed. Shopkeepers and pedestrians saw the bandits emerge with their loot and noted the direction of their departure. The police were not on the scene quickly enough to give chase Columbus was buzzing with news, however, and from a succession of witnesses they pieced together the route of the bandit car after it left the bank. It had apparently proceeded west out of the city.

Immediately the hunt swung in that direction. Several hours passed. Not a trace of the bandits was found. But during the afternoon a salesman came forward. He had seen the bandit car speeding away on the western road. On the outskirts of Columbus, however, it swung back towards an outlying suburb.

Scores of people had inundated the police with tips and information about the bandits. All had to be checked. Only four detectives were available to follow up the salesman's story.

At about 3.30 on the afternoon of the robbery, Detectives Cooke, Cline, Danner and Phillips drove out to the suburb to look around. Again came the slow, tedious questioning of people for information.

From a shopkeeper came their first promising lead. He told of a tough-looking quartet of men who had recently moved into a neighborhood boarding house.

The police raced to the address. Detectives Cooke and Cline alighted and went to the door. They knocked. From the backyard the landlady called to them. They walked around the side of the house.

Stabbing in the dark, Detective Cooke queried, "Where are the boys? Are they inside?"

The woman looked at them with frightened eyes. "You mean the bank robbers?" she whispered.

Revolvers appeared in the detectives' hands. "Yes," they told her.

"I think they're inside," the woman said. "But don't shoot, please. There are other people in there."

Cooke and Cline waved to Detectives Phillips and Danner to support them. From the car their comrades saw them disappear around the end of the house.

Entering the back door, the two detectives saw a dim passageway. At the end of it, a short flight of steps led to a landing. A door opened from the landing.

In the lead, Detective Cline took the stairs in one leap and crashed into the door. From behind it came the roar of gunfire. The wooden panels of the door splintered. Leaden death emerged through them for Detective Cline. Hit several times in the chest and stomach, he fell back down the stairs.

Behind him, Detective Cooke made an instant decision. To storm the room from the front was suicide. He planned to get around it and attack from another angle.

A door led off the passageway. He pushed his way through it into a kitchen. A woman cowed before an ironing board. The detective motioned to her to drop under the table.

There was another door at the end of the kitchen. Cooke made for it. At that instant it swung open. Through it, blasting with two guns, came Jacob Miller.

The detective and the criminal were shooting simultaneously. Cooke's aim was calm and sure. Two slugs ploughed into the advancing Miller and stopped him in his tracks. He slid to the floor, his revolvers slipping from his grasp.

Behind him, through the door, came Vincent Grincowicz, his gun roaring. A bullet thudded into Cooke's shoulder. He went down, but not before his own weapon spoke again. The bandit yelped like a hurt dog as Cooke's bullets found their target. He flopped back into the room and collapsed.

Meanwhile, Detectives Phillips and Danner had jumped from their car on seeing their comrades wave to them before they entered the house. Phillips bounded after them up the side passage. Danner raced to the next door house to telephone for assistance.

A thunder of shooting came from inside the house. Detective Phillips swung around the corner and saw the backdoor.

At that instant Detective Cline staggered out. "I'm shot," he gasped. "Get in there and help Cooke."

Phillips dived through the door. He could hear shots but was afraid to use his own gun for fear of hitting Cooke, whom he thought was somewhere ahead of him.

At that instant, the splintered door on the landing, through which had come the shots that caught Cline, opened. Steve Figuli was framed in the opening.

Phillips' finger squeezed on the trigger. The furtive look on the bandit's face changed to hurt surprise. He tumbled forward down the stairway to Phillips' feet—and his own gun spoke.

On top of him fell the detective, blood pouring from a wound above his eye where Figuli's slug had caught him.

At the front, Detective Danner emerged from the next house, after calling police headquarters. Through a window of the lodging house, he saw the last bandit, Carl Boettcher.

Boettcher sprinted across the road and down the side of another house. Danner, gun in hand, followed hard on his heels.

Danner began shooting as Boettcher climbed over the back fence of the house. He missed and went over the fence himself to continue the chase.

Across vacant land the two figures ran. Boettcher kept turning around and taking a quick shot at the detective at his heels. Once, as his gun roared, Danner clutched wildly at his middle with one hand.

But he did not stop until Boettcher came to another fence and made a perfect target. Groaning from the bullet that sent waves of agony searing up from his abdomen, Danner raised his gun arm. He aimed as carefully as at target practice on the police range. This time Boettcher threw up his arms and fell back off the fence to the ground.

At police headquarters on receipt of Danner's call, every available vehicle was ordered to the boarding house. Chief Glenn Hoffman's huge squad car got there first. All was silent as he tore up the street to the house.

He bounced out and across the lawn to the front door. His powerful shoulder crashed into it, knocking it down. Hoffman went through the opening and into the front room. He saw the body of Grincowicz on the floor. The bandit was still alive. His hand slid out to the .45 beside him.

The gun was levelled at Hoffman. The gangster's finger tightened on the trigger. The police chief had no time to raise his own weapon. Instead he jumped forward, his foot swinging. With the precision of a piston stroke, it caught Grincowicz's arm and knocked the gun from his grasp.

Other police arrived and soon after came a string of ambulances. There was little they could do for the gangsters. All were dead or died before they reached hospital.

All the detectives were wounded. They were rushed to hospital, but Cline and Danner died on the operating table. Phillips and Cooke recovered completely.

A few hours before, Columbus, Ohio, had seen its first successful bank robbery for years. Now it had cost six lives. Two detectives had died in the cause of duty. By their devotion to that duty, the country was saved from the depredations of as vicious and deadly a band of marauding robbers as ever lived—and died—by the gun.

CRANKS GROW ON BUSHES

RHYS BRADSHAW

When Marconi invented wireless cranks protested that electrical waves were passing through their bodies.

CRANKS, were they laid head to feet, would stretch twenty times around the earth. Cranks are always with us, the joking crank, the malicious crank, the poseur crank, and all the species in between.

Take Marconi as an example of a target for cranks. On the other side of the Atlantic he was listening for signals that were being sent from his station in Cornwall. When they came wireless telegraphy was born. He was 27. Immediately cranks began writing him letters full of bitter complaints They said his electrical waves were passing through their bodies, destroying their nerves, so that they found it impossible to sleep. Several of the cranks threatened to kill Marconi, and a man in Germany scratched out a letter full of Donner und blitzens and promised he was coming to London to shoot him. Scotland Yard had the letter and the Government wouldn't let the homicidal Teuton land in England.

Letter writers and letter hoarders are high on the list of common-place cranks. A northern N S W eccentric named Clarke wrote letters to people all over the globe, just for the pleasure of hearing from them. The small single room in which he lived, slept and cooked was crammed from floor

to ceiling with stacks of brownpaper parcels neatly tied with string and labelled with their contents—bundles of letters A narrow footway allowed movement in and around these cliffs of correspondence. When Clarke died the millions of words from all creeds and colours, the vast treasury of human thought and opinion, was purposely burned as rubbish by the landlord of the residential.

A New Zealand woman spent a lifetime writing letters to newspapers all over the world. She averaged thirty letters a week. Her sole objective was to appear in print—probably the inversion of a thwarted literary ambition. She amassed thousands of cuttings and at the time of her death possessed a dossier of her writings as comprehensive and varied in subject-matter as a telephone directory, and just as cosmopolitan

Some cranks collect motor car numbers, crutches, locks of hair, and even abstracts like echoes, smoke patterns, cloud shapes and accents Alistair Hart, an American traveller, collected waterfalls. An Indian Gunga Brahm, was a sucker for false teeth He accumulated hundreds of sets

People who set bottles containing messages afloat in the sea are cranks They get a perverted pleasure out of what is often a cruel and tragic hoax. Arsonists also qualify. They don't want to inflict damage They want to see a big blaze. A topliner in the business was Martin Harrison, who lived half a century ago Mad with the matches, firebug Harrison claimed when captured that he had started a thousand fires all over London Nobody denied him the credit. After a prison term, which he served with boasting pride, Harrison came out with the idea apparently of starting all over again, but lost his life in one of his self-made infernos. Somebody said he was the foulest incendiarist in history. Harrison would have liked that

A crank of a different kidney was Joseph Clark of Pall Mall, reputed to be the most extraordinary posture maker that ever lived Clark, a plump, well-made man was an expert in taking off in the most natural manner every species of deformity and natural dislocation.

His chief dupes were tailors. He would send for them to measure him for a suit, contriving all the while a curious rising of one of his shoulders When he tried the clothes on the deformity was removed to the other shoulder. Full of apologies, the tailor mended it as fast as he could. On the third trial Clark's shoulders were perfectly straight but a hump showed on his back. And so it went on like that until the distressed tailor went crazy or perished in abjection.

Clark was a master in dislocating the vertebrae of his back and other parts of his body, and the most excellent proof of that is afforded by the famous surgeon Molins, before whom Clark appeared as a patient Molins was shocked and horrified at the sight of him and blankly refused to attempt a cure. Clark convinced other doctors, too, that he was a hopeless incurable.

He delighted in scaring people passing him on their way home at night. He would assume the physique of a dreadful cripple, shake with ague and gibber and alter his countenance entirely, become, in fact, a different man His facial power seemed to be more extraordinary than his flexible body. At a meeting or place of amusement he could imitate every face present. Clark has his modern counterpart in the American "fall guys," who jump under cars and buses and emerge with faked dislocations so that

they may claim compensation. Maybe, had he thought of it, Clark could have earned his living by having accidents

Most people may know that Napoleon was a crank on tin soldiers He collected them Or that Earl Baldwin went in for stuffed owls, and Baron Rothschild was happiest when adding to his world-wide flea collection

They may know, too, that Winston Churchill collects hats But he is not in the same street as the crank who every year had his dilapidated straw hat varnished black. This man was John Gottlieb Wendel, and that was not the only peculiarity about him or his family.

The Wendel family lived in a New York house with a nailed-up front door. The house, built away back in the time of Lincoln, was worth only 6000 dollars, but it stood on land worth more than four million dollars, and the rates and taxes amounted to 1000 dollars a day

John Gottlieb Wendel seemed to have influenced the rest of the family. Until he died in 1914 he had all his clothes copied exactly from suits he had bought at the end of the Civil War All his black suits were made of wool from black sheep because he refused to wear anything that was dyed. He wrote luncheon invitations to his friends in Latin. He carried an umbrella all the time The soles of his shoes had an inch thick layer of gutta-percha to insulate them against germs, because he was certain that strange diseases were contracted through the feet

He tried to turn his seven sisters off men by saying that men were only after their money. All these spinster sisters detested drink, but when they died thousands of pounds worth of rare wines were found in the cellar untouched. Much of it had turned to vinegar. They all thought gas was easier on the eyes, so they used it. They disapproved of all modern inventions Two days before the death of the last of the Wendels, the telephone was installed. But this was only to get the doctor in a hurry

Rebecca Wendel married at 60. All the others died companionless. Georgiana developed a persecution mania and had to be put in an asylum She died in 1930 worth five million dollars. Josephine lived alone in a country house surrounded by servants She imagined that the place was filled with children, and she used to play at dinner parties to which no one came Miss Ella was the last survivor, living alone in a 40-room house, locked and shuttered. Her French poodle, Tobey, slept in her room in a little fourposter bed that was a duplicate of hers. Tobey ate his dog biscuits and pork chops at a special brass table with a velvet cloth Within a year of her death 2300 relatives sprang up all over the world.

John Gottlieb Wendel never made a will as he said he didn't want any lawyers making money out of him But he erred, because 250 lawyers actually did enrich themselves by his death.

Another one of the same breed was Hetty Green At her death, Hetty was worth at least sixty-five million dollars, some say a hundred million. Her income worked out at thirty shillings a minute Yet she would buy a penny paper, read it, and sell it again In winter she wore newspapers for underclothing to keep her warm. She owned two railways and had interests in hundreds of others, but when she travelled, second class was good enough for her. Once she invited some friends to dinner, and when they arrived, the ladies in evening wraps and the gents in dinner

jackets, she walked them along to a cheap boarding house and shouted them each a one-and-sixpenny meal

On a broiling hot day she laboured in the attic of a warehouse inherited from her father Hour after hour she worked in that sizzling heat, sorting white rags from coloured ones because the ragman paid a halfpenny a pound more for white rags.

Hetty Green found it necessary to spend her time in Wall Street looking after investments. But she knew that if she rented an apartment in New York City she would have to pay thirty thousand dollars a year in tax So to dodge the tax collectors she made her home in one cheap boarding house after another, living under assumed names, dressed in rags, and carrying one or two little bags Suspicious landladies often made her pay in advance.

The Chemical National Bank in New York, where she had several million dollars on deposit, she also used as a storehouse, keeping her suitcases dresses and shoes in the vault She also sent some of her furniture to be stored there, and a one-horse buggy as well, the wheels having been taken off to facilitate the accommodation

This clutching avaricious old woman nearly wept tears of blood at the thought of paying doctor's fees Dressing herself and her son like vagrants, she went to the free clinic for advice and treatment When her son was injured in a toboggan accident she refused to pay for a specialist until it was too late The boy's rotting leg had to be amputated

Hetty Green died at 81, from paralysis While she was bedridden the attendant nurses were not allowed to wear their white uniforms If they wore ordinary clothes Hetty would take them to be servants, and thus could die peacefully, not fretting as she would have done had she known they were expensive professionals

There are multiple cranks who must sleep a certain way facing north and south, because they claim the turn of the earth affects them, people like Beethoven who wouldn't walk on cracks, and others like Dumas, who boasted he had five hundred children, who could only write novels on blue paper, poetry on yellow paper, magazine articles on rose paper, and plays only while laying on a sofa with a pillow under his elbow

Dumas might have been just a fat, swarthy halfbreed with foolish eccentricities, but because he had a talent, wrote 1200 volumes, over a hundred plays, and earned more than a million and a half pounds, he is a genius with some very lovable peculiarities.

You can't keep a good crank down.

THE PLAY'S THE THING!

"I've been writing this play,"
said the author in earnest,
"For ten long and weary years.
"I've changed a line here, or altered it there,
"Till I reached the stage of tears."
The producer looked up with a weary look,
"Too bad You really don't say,
"All those years, all those tears,
"And all that work — and no play" ---RAY-ME

FICTION

Thieves' honour

DAVE SANDERSON



Once a con man met a con man working on the sly. If a con man cheat a con man, should a con man die?

PERSONALLY, I have never understood why they call a confidence man a criminal. The world is full of suckers, or marks as we call them. And if Willie and I didn't take their money, they'd drop it in the stock market, or in some other swindle just as bad as ours, only more legitimate.

And even if you use the word thief, you've got a right to expect some kind of honor, even from thieves, and especially if the thief is a partner of yours. The last couple of days here in jail I've been reading a lot of books, and they show that there is supposed to be a sense of honour in even the meanest man. So I guess it's no wonder it came as a surprise when Willie turned against me. Willie was my partner, my friend, the guy who'd helped me run up a score with more marks than I care to talk about.

He tried to swindle me. He worked a confidence game on me designed to cheat me out of my girl and my car.

I'd known he had his eye on the car ever since I'd picked it up in St. Louis. It was a Cadillac convertible, new, with yellow leather seat covers. The body was the sweetest colour of chartreuse you ever saw, as clean and cool as a lemon phosphate soda on a hot day. I had three-tone musical chromium-plated horns put on it, and fog lights. You had to be either rich or crazy to drive a heap like that. I'd bought it in St. Louis, with a part of the score I took from a banker in Cincinnati. It was not partnership at all, it was mine. I drove it with Avis sitting beside me, all decked out, and travelling as my wife.

Willie drove the community car, a plain black Ford with a big aerial and a built-in wire recorder, made up to look as much as possible like a police car without actually having anything wrong done to it. The idea was simple enough. We came into town separately, and we used both of these cars to impress the mark; we used mine to set him up, and the partnership car to help with the brush-off.

But Willie had gone as goofy about my car as a school kid with a new hot rod. It was pathetic the way he wanted it. He even offered to buy it, but he didn't offer me enough profit, and like I say, we needed it for the brush-off. I knew he wanted the car, but I didn't realise he had his eye on Avis. There's a couple of things I didn't figure out ahead of this deal and maybe when I get out of this hick jail I'll go straight. When you start losing your sharpness you're washed up.

Anyhow, the first hint of trouble I got was in Elk City, Oklahoma. Elk City is a little town with not much to recommend it to a big city operator except a lot of oil wells they put down a few years ago.

Now there are a few rich guys around, and where there are rich guys, you're going to find guys that want to get something for nothing. In a word, you're going to find marks.

The ugly truth first showed itself when Willie and I were sitting in the Ford car, the fake police job, parked way out on a side road out of Elk City, so no one would see us together. Before I met Willie I'd been out of town, afoot, for several hours, trying to locate a mark. According to our routine, Avis had been supposed to drive the Cadillac up and down the main street a few times just to impress people and then go back to the hotel and wait. But that wasn't what happened.

There, on the seat of the black Ford car that Willie used, was a comb. It was pushed down almost out of sight, but I noticed it, and I saw that Willie noticed it too, and he looked scared, almost. That was Avis' comb, a tortoise-shell one with a couple of real diamonds set in it, and she had it on, I remembered, when we came into town earlier in the day.

I said, "Damn you, Willie. What goes on here?"

He didn't say anything. I reached out and turned on the wire recorder. I could see his eyes go more frightened so I knew there was something on there I wasn't supposed to hear, or at least there could have been something.

As I said, we used the fake police car and the recorder to brush off the mark after we had his money. The key to all swindles is that the mark helps you do something illegal, and then when he loses his money he

can't complain about it for fear of being caught

We had a second wire recorder in my car, and I'd let it get a bunch of incriminating conversation between the two of us. I'd give the wire to Willie. Then, later, after we had the money and I'd vanished, Willie would pick up the mark in the police car. He'd act like every tough plain-clothes cop and play the recording that could convict the mark if they took him to court. He'd admit they were really after me, not the mark, and sometimes the mark would even bribe Willie to keep it quiet, and every little dollar adds that much to the score.

The wire recorder was geared to the radio, and there was a chance just a chance, that if Willie and Avis had been double-crossing me there'd be something on the wire.

But it was quiet, just gave off a faint scratching like it does when it's wiped clean, and I could see Willie relaxing and trying to figure out a quick lie.

And then, at the end of the wire, there were just a few words — a woman's voice, saying with tense emotion, "Willie, my darling, it's you

"O.K. . . . let's try the other knee!"

I love, not Todd." And then Willie's voice, whispering, "Don't worry, sweet, we'll brush him off pretty soon."

And there it was, I knew, then, Willie had played me for a mark. I tried to choke him, but he's bigger than I am. After a while I gave up and just sat over across the seat from him.

He looked at me, "I don't know what to say, Todd."

"Don't say anything, you damned thief," I told him. "Just get out of here and never let me see you again."

He got out of the car. He said, "I'll give you my half of this car, Todd, and my offer still stands for the Cad."

I snarled at him, "You want the Cadillac and Avis too. Well, then you can pay for them. Six thousand bucks, and I know you have it. We took more than that in Cincinnati."

He paid out the money, and I gave him the title. I drove him to the hotel parking lot and let him out at the yellow car with the shiny chrome horns. I said, "I want one favour, Willie, for old time's sake. I want to tell that woman off. I want to slap her double-crossing face once."

I could see him wondering if I would do something too violent, but confidence men aren't killers, and I could see Willie thinking that my actions would be the final thing to wash me and Avis up, forever.

He said, "I guess you got that coming. I'll wait here a few minutes."

I said, "I'll take my car around back so I won't see your double-crossing face again. Give me ten minutes."

But it didn't take ten. After five minutes I went out the back of the hotel and drove out of town. The one thing I didn't figure was that Willie would tip the cops that I had a stolen car, just to gain a little time.

The cops picked me up a hundred miles out of Elk City.

Of course I had the title to the Ford, perfectly legitimate, and Willie hadn't stuck around to press charges, but had vanished with that yellow Cadillac. The trouble was, I had his six thousand bucks on me, and ten thousand of my own, and that was enough to make them hold me for a while.

Willie had just tipped the cops off to gain time to get out of there in case I had any ideas of revenge. I don't really think that our last mark will holler copper, and if he doesn't, they ought to give up trying to trace the sixteen thousand bucks and let me out of here in a day or so.

At least, I have Avis to bring me some good books to read.

You see, Avis had been with me all the time she was supposed to be in Willie's car. She'd been crying, and so at the last moment I changed my plans and let her tag along.

She'd been crying because she'd lost her comb.

So I knew Willie's wire recording was faked, and the whole thing was just a confidence game with me as the mark. The object of the game was to drive me away from Avis and make me sell the car. Well, Willie didn't get Avis. And if he'd only known it, the Cadillac had been in his name since St. Louis.

That was where I'd mortgaged the Cadillac!

Crime Capsules

TRAIN ROBBERY

On July 26, 1944 patriotic members of the French Underground held up a train passing through Neuvic and recovered a huge sum of money which the Nazis had stolen from the Bank of France in Paris and which they had been sending secretly to the Reichsbank in Bordeaux Although the shipment filled 150 sacks, weighed 12 tons and had an equivalent value of £150,000,000, it was quickly transferred to waiting trucks and buried that night some 20 miles away. After the liberation every franc was returned to the bank of Paris. This train robbery was the largest in history

SILENT SERVICE

A man in Watsinville, California, circulated the bars with a placard on which was inscribed "Deaf and Dumb" He received many contributions, but wound up in gaol. He made a mistake. He wandered back into the same bars, talking gaily to a girl friend.

ON LICENCE

In Birmingham, Alabama, a man was charged with operating a truck with the wrong licence plate. Inside his truck were 27,000 licence plates, en route to country authorities for distribution to motorists.

GOOD REASON

A man was charged in Edmonton, U.S.A., with breaking, entering and car stealing He explained the car stealing charge thus: "I did not want to steal cars, but I didn't have transportation to the country in order to rob stores at night, so I had to steal cars to get to my jobs."

PRAYING FOR IT

Police in Pittsburgh arrested a man who was trying to get into a church with an assortment of 27 keys The man was an ex-convict. He told police "I was just looking for a place to pray."

DRIVE SLOWLY

In recent years a certain prison in the U S has had a large number of escapes, which at once made the authorities the butt of derision and jokes One morning a new warning sign was seen on the highway outside the prison. It read "Slow! Prisoners Escaping!"

NO FREE BOARD

The mayor of Bridgeton, New Jersey, has ordered that drunks be charged rent while sobering up in gaol. They can earn the rent money by working in municipal parks.





She pursued the point. "Don't I fill this costume well?" We told her she did a lot for the costume, but—rather tactlessly—we added that she rather over-filled it. Hence the look of indignation she shows here. Mara began her career as a dancer with Earl Carroll, began posing for pin-ups, magazine covers and is currently in Hollywood, under contract to Paramount.

We think we won a point about the costume, because Mara seemed doubtful about the costume's ability to stay on in the water. However, we did not mind. We sat on the sand and while we discussed items of interest, we admired her beauty. And lying in the sand, she certainly looked handsome. Sandsome is as sandsome does. Nothing could Mara beauty.

PARISIAN

LINGERIE



ASTHMA IS ON THE RUN

Having trouble with your breathing? Maybe you have asthma — or something worse. See your doctor. These things now can be easily cured.

RAY DAVIE

THERE were three men in the railway carriage. Two of them sat together, chatting of their mutual business, which happened to be tha selling of farm machinery The third, a big fellow, barrel-chested, wire-haired, sat alone near the open window As the tram hammered through the hot night, the big fellow began to claw at his collar, to roll his eyes and clench his fists.

A few minutes later the train hissed to a stop at a wayside station With the noise of its movement abruptly gone, the two travellers could hear the frenzied breathing of the other man, a tortured, animal sound.

As they watched, the big man groped in his pocket, brought out a small box, gestured to his fellow passengers. One of them, after a second's hesitation, took the box and opened it Inside was a small hypodermic syringe and two bottles filled with nearly colourless fluids.

The travellers, acting on the big fellow's instructions, sterilised the hypodermic syringe in one of the fluids (methylated spirits), and then helped the sufferer to inject a certain

amount of the other fluid into his arm Within a few seconds the man's laboured breathing had become easier, and a more natural colour had returned to his face.

Thus an episode in the life of an asthmatic, one of the large band of people who have to worry about an action that should be automatic and easy — their breathing

Incidentally, the fluid injected subcutaneously (under the skin) in this case was a sterile solution of adrenalin in the proportion 1-1000. This particular technique is one of the most widely used in the relief of asthmatic attacks. Though many new methods of treatment are becoming available, it seems likely that this method of relief will remain in use for some considerable time

What is asthma, and what are your chances of getting it?

This is what Dr. David Harold Fink has to say about asthma in his book, "Release from Nervous Tension" "Asthma is another name for spasm of the tubes that lead to the lungs. These tubes, or bronchi, are really hollow muscles. When poisoned by some substance to which the patient is allergic, the hollow muscular tubes clamp down after inhalation, making it impossible for the sufferer to expel the dead air from his chest. He coughs and wheezes until he is red in the face and the veins on his forehead stand out He feels that he is suffocating, and he looks it"

In that same book, Fink describes his use of what is usually known to scientists as "the Korzybski experiment" A patient rang Dr. Fink one day to tell him that he was suffering from an acute asthmatic attack, brought on by the presence of roses Dr Fink prescribed five drops of adrenalin by hypodermic syringe without result. The patient later called on Dr. Fink to tell him that he felt much better. He appeared to be better, too — until he caught the sight of a bunch of fine red roses which the doctor had deliberately placed in a prominent position Immediately the patient went into an asthmatic attack, which the doctor relieved by means of an injection

The patient was indignant Why on earth had the doctor been so criminally careless as to leave roses around? Dr Fink calmly took up one of the roses and shredded it between his fingers, showing that it was made of tissue paper Then he explained that the injection had been sterile distilled water, not adrenalin. The asthma had been caused by a neurosis, not roses

Most doctors will agree that asthma is at least partly due to psychological causes Every highly-strung or emotionally-maladjusted person may not develop asthma, but persons of the emotional type are more usually prone to suffer from it

The art of relaxation is useful in defence against asthma Asthmatics are usually advised not to laugh too much, or to become otherwise excited.

There are a number of popular misconceptions about asthma. Some of them are dangerous There is, for instance, the general feeling that allergies are the sole cause of asthma. This is not true. Nor is it true that an allergy may always manifest itself as asthma Hay fever is one reaction, hives are another

But here is the dangerous part That wheeze may be due to bronchitis, tuberculosis, or cancer of the lung So be sure to have a free X-ray if your state offers it If it's not available, it's worth paying for

What can be done for asthma if it suddenly strikes you? (Some people are born with it, others don't acquire it till they're growing older).

The technique is simple The medico makes a number of tiny incisions in the skin of the patient, usually on his arm or his back, then applies an extract of various substances If a red weal results, the patient is held to be allergic to the tested substance The range of substances is pretty complete, ranging from household dust and cat's fur to tomatoes and bananas

When the offending articles have been discovered, they're eliminated as far as possible from the patient's life. In the case of such things as grasses, the patient is injected with appropriate vaccines over a lengthy period

The doctor will also recommend drugs such as the old standby, ephedrine This has been associated with phenobarbital, a sedative, with consequent lessening of the nervousness sometimes resulting from ephedrine taken alone. Benadryl has been tried, with varying results So has aminophyllin Intravenous injection of aminophyllin has proved rapidly effective in certain cases Adrenalin in a solution of oil injected intramuscularly has shown good results. (The oil releases the adrenalin slowly through the system giving a long period of freedom from attack)

There have been a number of other drugs, too The complaint of many asthmatics is that their systems soon become used to a drug and it ceases to have any effect

American doctors, always in the forefront of medical research, have tried a number of new ideas One of these is penumoperitoneum A surprising feature of this treatment lies in the fact that no drugs are used —simply air injected into the abdominal cavity

It is not claimed that this method will work in every case, but it has definite use, especially in cases where patients are in middle or old age, and have suffered asthma for years, so that their lungs are permanently distended, and their diaphragms have been forced downwards The injection of air simply pushes the diaphragm back into place, thus making breathing easier A week later, when the air has been absorbed into the blood stream, a further "needle" is necessary

Few of us associate ACTH and cortisone with the treatment of asthma The New England Medical Centre in Boston, Massachusetts, has conducted a number of experiments with ACTH, and has reported that it considers the drug will be one of the best theraupetic agents to be used in the treatment of severe bronchial asthma

The theory of the use of ACTH is

AN old cow hand of U.S.A. was watching his first bullfight The fight had reached the stage where the matador was taunting the bull with the cape Avoiding the bull's rushes by fractions of an inch and flipping the cape as the animal charged past, the matador brought cheers from the onlookers But the old cow hand failed to appreciate the actions He shouted out "Buddy, that bull ain't never gonna run into that sack unless you hold it still."

basically simple. The injection of ACTH, which is an extract of the pituitary gland, causes a great secretion of the adrenal glands. This secretion leads to a feeling of bounding health and relaxation of the tiny muscles in the bronchial tubes, the contraction of which leads to asthmatic wheezing.

People who underwent experiments at Boston had all tried the more usual forms of treatment with little success. With ACTH asthma was relieved very quickly in the majority of cases. Nearly all cases were quite clear in four or five days, though a few had improved within 24 hours. It was found that the usual wheezing and spitting of phlegm was quickly reduced. ACTH is effective!

Cortisone was fully as effective as ACTH in some cases, a point which is not hard to believe, since it is an extract of the adrenal glands.

What should you do if you think you are getting asthma, or if you have it? Here's a suggested programme laid down by a well-known authority. Do not eat big meals, eat more often if you feel hungry. Do not laugh to excess; do not let yourself be upset. Avoid cold winds. Keep your teeth in good condition. Keep your bowels working. And — most important of all — if you wheeze, see a doctor at once. Remember — it may be asthma, or it may be something worse.



"Veal cutlets, milk, two hot buttered rolls and a flashlight."



THE MAGIC MEN OF INDIA

How the fakirs of India work tricks they perform and the amazing powers of the Yogis of the Himalayas

PETER HARGRAVES

WANDERERS in far places see much that is strange and inexplicable, even supernatural. Some can tell of magicians and witch doctors in Africa, weird voodoo ceremonies in Haiti, fire-walking exhibitions in Fiji and Trinidad, rain-making demonstrations by American Red Indians and fearsome sorcery and devil-worship in Asia Minor.

Nowhere, however, can be seen such widespread and mysterious delving into the occult, such baffling demonstrations of magic and psychic power to confound the sceptic as in India and Tibet, the home of Fakirs and Yogis.

Walking on beds of red-hot coals, lying on couches of needle-pointed nails, standing with an arm erect for years until the limb atrophies and withers away — all these and more can be seen on a stroll down the street in any dirty, smelly Indian city.

A Fakir will appear — seemingly out of the air — at a house where a party or social gathering is taking place. He will ask if he may show his magic. Few care to risk his wrath by refusing permission.

He begins with several minor manifestations — perhaps the well-known "Dry Sands Trick."

A small bowl is placed before the audience and filled with water. The Fakir takes a handful of sand. He proves that it is dry by blowing some grains away into the air. The rest is poured into the bowl of water.

After wiping his hands on a cloth and showing them empty, he thrusts one hand into the bowl of water and brings it out full of sand.

He squeezes it and shakes his hand. The fingers are opened. The sand is as dry as before he poured it into the bowl of water. To prove so, he blows upon it and it rises in a fine cloud.

Perhaps the Fakir follows this with an exhibition of snake charming. Then, if he is any good at all, he may perform the celebrated feat of the growing in a few minutes of a fair-sized mango tree from a single seed.

"See, sahibs, the flowerpot is empty and unprepared," he points out. He then proceeds to fill it with earth, which is sprinkled with water. A mango seed is produced and placed in the earth.

A white cloth is thrown with a flourish over the pot. Strange, unintelligible mumblings come from the Fakir. In the background, an assistant lends encouragement with slow, rhythmic thumping on a tom-tom.

Under his turban, the Fakir's bright, beady eyes shrewdly take in his audience, his thin, sensitive hands move with precision and grace through the planting of the seed and the fixing of the cloth.

The noise of the tom-tom continues as the Fakir begins his task of concentration. Sweat pours from his body as he gazes fixedly, hypnotically, at the cloth and what he placed under it. From his lips tumble a torrent of mystic "mantras" or prayers.

Slowly, deliberately, the corner of the cloth is lifted. To the astonishment of the onlookers a tiny green shoot is poking its way through the earth.

Satisfaction gleams in the Fakir's eyes. "See, already the mango sprouts!" he exclaims. "The siddhis (magic powers) are strong today. If the sahibs are helpful, soon we will see wonderful things."

The cloth is replaced over the pot. Again the Fakir concentrates and offers his "mantras" for speedy growth. When he uncovers the pot a second time, a few inches of the growing mango tree are visible.

Again and again the operation is repeated. Each time the cloth is lifted, the mango tree has grown several additional inches. Finally the Fakir, triumph overshadowing the evident fatigue on his face, hands around the pot for all to see. In it is growing a luxuriant bush more than a foot high.

After a few moments rest for the Fakir, the performance continues — perhaps with the awesome "Basket Trick."

A large oval basket like a huge egg is produced. It has a hole cut in the top. Through the hole the audience is invited to peer to satisfy themselves it is empty.

The Fakir claps his hands. A small boy appears. He steps into the basket through the hole and stands upright. A large blanket is placed over his head. It is fixed so that it falls downward in folds, covering the basket.

Slowly the boy sinks downward until he disappears into the basket. The Fakir whips away the blanket and places a wicker lid over the opening. An assistant hands him a long tapering sword.

With a wild cry, the Fakir pushes the sword savagely into the basket. From it comes an unearthly shriek. The sword is withdrawn and, to an accompaniment of pain-racked moans and shouts from the basket, it is thrust continually through the wicker.

From the onlookers come murmurs of horror. Women turn pale at the ghastly shrieks. Men shudder with nervous excitement. The sword drips blood each time it is withdrawn.

At last, having wielded the sword from every angle, the Fakir wipes it with a cloth and throws it to an assistant. From the basket the cries gradually become soft and slow. Soon they cease and all is quiet.

The Fakir takes the blanket and again places it over the basket. At the same time, from under it, he removes the wicker lid.

Beside the basket, the Fakir takes up a squatting position on the ground. Again he begins to concentrate. His piercing eyes stare at it as he raises his arms in supplication and begins chanting strange words of exhortation.

The fascinated spectators see a faint stirring take place under the blanket. It begins to rise, slowly, as if drawn up by some strange outside force.

Soon, however, it is apparent that a small form beneath it, is pushing it up. At about three feet from the ground, the progress of the blanket is halted. The Fakir reaches out a hand and pulls it away.

Beneath is the smiling, shining face of the boy who was seemingly cut to pieces. He jumps out of the basket, bows to the audience and runs round to prove he is none the worse for the experience.

Such performances by travelling Fakirs are seen all over India. They expect money in return for the show and threaten to bring dire misfortune to the house if the amount is not up to their expectations.

Really no more than conjurors, they are the lowest grade of all the mystics and Yogis of the Orient. Above them are the real Fakirs, who torture themselves by piercing their bodies with long daggers and hooks, lying on beds of spikes or nails, or holding their arms aloft until they wither.

These self-torturing Fakirs claim to have attained mental and physical control of their bodies. The feats they can perform, however, are only elementary to the real Yogis of the upper Himalaya regions and Tibet.

Generally hermits, these live in the wilderness, scorning the slightest comfort, claiming to be over 100 years old and capable, if they wish, of performing genuine miracles.

They are contemptuous of the Fakirs who accept money for demonstrating their powers. Correctly, they accuse some of them of trickery. True masters of the occult, they insist, never allow themselves to make a public exhibition.

Indian Fakirs of the self-torturing type are generally bearded and cadaverous, with sunken cheeks and piercing, staring eyes. They believe in the subjugation of the flesh by suffering.

At Karachi not long ago, one of them lay on a board bristling with nails. An anvil weighing 250 pounds was placed on his chest. Strong men battered the anvil with ringing, sledge-hammer blows. When they were exhausted, the Fakir slid off his board and showed there was not a mark or scar on his back.

The death of another Fakir was recently reported from Travancore. For three years he sat cross-legged under a banyan tree and gave himself up to contemplation. During the period, it was reported, he had not touched food, spoken to anyone or moved his position in the slightest.

Probably the best known Fakir of this type was tiny, dedicated Hamid Bey. His frail body was worn out

by the physical suffering he demanded of it and he died in the late 1930's.

Day after day, Hamid Bey performed miracles of bodily endurance. For his exhibitions a committee of doctors acted as investigators to ensure there was no trickery.

The Fakir showed them the hatpins, daggers and spikes he proposed to use. One of them would then be asked to take the pins and push them through his cheeks, throat, tongue, breast and arms — so that they went right through and came out the other side.

Even doctors looked queasy as they watched this butchery. The pins that were pushed through his cheeks Hamid Bey allowed to come out through his opened mouth, so no one could doubt they had really penetrated the flesh. Others passed through wads of his flesh like skewers in a roast of beef.

The Fakir constantly reassured the audience that he felt no pain. Nevertheless, a proportion of them invariably fainted at each gruesome demonstration.

With his flesh studded with pins, Hamid Bey came to the climax and the most amazing exhibition of his powers.

Before removing each pin, he would casually say to the committee of doctors, "Blood or no blood?"

If they said "Blood," the Fakir would withdraw the pin and blood would flow.

If, however, the command, "No blood," was given, not a drop would flow as the pin was extracted, or at all afterwards.

The wound was almost too tiny to be seen with the naked eye.

So intense was Hamid Bey's willpower, so overpowering his concentration, he was able simply by the exercise of his mind to control the flow of blood to the puncture left by the pin. Even deep thrusts by a dagger could be kept quite dry of blood by the Fakir's concentration.

Like most Fakirs, Hamid Bey liked to exhibit his fondness for a cozy snooze on a bed of spikes. If he wished, he could prevent the needle-sharp points from entering his flesh at all. Alternatively, he could let them pierce him, and even let them be driven deeply into his back by having a man stand on his chest. When he arose, although the holes they had made were plainly visible, there was not a drop of blood.

Hamid Bey also possessed amazing power over the working of the organs of his body. Thus, he would call three doctors and detail each to count either the pulse in his right wrist, or in his left wrist, or the beat of his heart.

With any normal person, the beats or the pulse rates are, of course, identical at every spot where they can be felt in the body. So it was with Hamid Bey when the doctors made an initial count.

In silence the Fakir would concentrate inwardly to control the beating of his heart. After a minute the doctors would again be asked to count.

They would each report a different finding — perhaps 84 by the man holding the right wrist, 104 by the man on the left, and 96 as the beat of the heart.

Medical men say this is impossible. Those who assisted at Hamid Bey's exhibitions in India say it was a trick. Yet not one of them was able to put forward a reasonable explanation of how the trick was performed.

Another popular "trick" or accomplishment of the Indian Fakirs is to permit themselves to be buried alive underground for long periods of time. While thus interred, there is no visible sign of any breathing. Medically they are dead.

Such burial was part of the repertoire of Hamid Bey, as it is of all the top-line Fakirs. To a newspaper reporter he once explained how he attained the trance-like state of suspended animation necessary for the test.

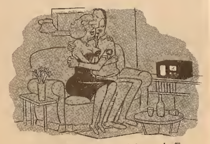
"I first of all concentrate on slowing down my heart," he explained. "If my blood circulated at the normal speed, I should be dead in no time, just as you would be. I have to slow down my heart until it beats only a few times a minute. After this has been done, I blank my mind and go into a sort of trance-like sleep.

"Then, when I feel this state coming on, I press very strongly on certain spots at the sides of my neck with my thumbs; my tongue turns backwards into my throat; my body becomes rigid or cataleptic. With a gasping intake of breath, I fall backwards into the arms of my assistants, who bury me. From that moment I know nothing until I am dug up and revived again."

To master this technique of attaining a deathlike trance requires long and dangerous training and practice. Old Fakirs act as teachers and at first permit the trainees to enter the state for only a few minutes at a time.

Before bringing on the trance, they lie on hot sands and are closely watched. At the first sign of the body perspiring, they are aroused immediately, as it is a danger sign. If all is well, the body remains dry, and the heart beats so slowly that it cannot be felt. The Fakir is like a bear or a turtle hibernating.

There are constant risks to all such



"Does the light from the radio bother you, dear?"



burials "I can set my mind like a clock if I want to," one Fakir has explained, "to wake up at a certain time, just as you do when you want to wake up at a certain hour in the morning.

"Then, if my assistants did not dig me up promptly, I should be dead very soon. The safest way is to set the mind for an indefinite period of burial, so that I remain cataleptic until revived. I have to depend on my assistants then too; otherwise I would remain in that state until I died."

The Yogis of India and Tibet are the real magic men. To them the tricks and physical sufferings of the Fakirs are unworthy uses of the powers of the mind. They believe that the human body is the "temple of the spirit" and should be kept in the best possible condition. To misuse the body is sacrilege to the Yogis.

Yogis have reached the highest planes of human wisdom. They lead lives of contemplation, generally high in the Himalayas. Neither the cold nor wild animals trouble them.

There is no case on record of one of these unarmed men being attacked by any of the marauding animals for which India is renowned.

Similarly, they can sit meditating in the wilderness in freezing weather. They wear only thin cotton garments — or nothing at all — and generate their own body heat by yoga exercises. They claim these not only warm the body, but melt the snow to a certain distance round them.

Yogis' reputed powers are almost beyond ordinary comprehension, many of them claim to have lived for centuries by controlling their bodies. In the same way, they can die at will, should they feel so inclined.

They are amazingly clairvoyant and can read the thoughts not only of those people present but of anyone anywhere. They can predict the future and see events actually happening in other places like a human television set.

Any real yogi will tell you he can walk upon water and raise his body from the ground in the action of levitation. Some are said, alternatively, to be able to leave their bodies behind them and wander where they will around the earth without them.

The true Yogi is not interested in exhibitions of his power, only in his own mental development. They believe in a "Universal Mind," with which it is possible to become one and thus "know and feel all."

To the Yogis the most important single factor in attaining this ideal is to cleanse the body of its impurities and make it perfect. They wash it inside and out.

Thus, according to their rules, the stomach is cleansed by swallowing a strip of cloth — 22 feet long and three inches wide — moistened in warm water. After "churning" the stomach during the ten minutes it is inside, the cloth is withdrawn inch by inch.

Caring for their bodies meticulously, Yogis eat sparingly of only the simplest foods. They fast and learn to control every nerve and muscle.

With their minds they strive for "Detachment." This means they learn to care nothing for the world, its material possessions, its goods and chattels.

"To all Yogis," it has been said, "the only things of value are the things of the mind and spirit. They are lasting and real, while material things are not."

With that philosophy, and its consequent stern self-discipline, these wise men of the Eastern world have developed instincts, powers, capacities and perceptions to a degree beyond the understanding of ordinary men.



PAINLESS INJECTIONS

How many children, or for that matter, adults, have been afraid of the needle when an inoculation is required? You need worry no longer. Dr. H. L. Mueller, of the Children's Hospital, Boston, has come up with a painless injection. He has incorporated a small, automatic refrigeration unit in the hypodermic equipment. When the tip of the device is pressed against the skin, a quantity of freon gas contained in a cartridge flows into a chamber and cools the tip in about five seconds. After the tip is held against the skin for about 45 seconds, the area where the injection is to take place is cooled to about 50 degrees. Then the needle is inserted. Doctor Mueller has used the device for about 7000 injections and he reports that a single cartridge supplies enough freon for about 22 injections.

HYPOCHONDRIACS

People these days are becoming a race of hypochondriacs, according to Dr. Herbert Ratner, of Illinois. And he is right. We are spending too much time worrying about our health and diseases, instead of doing something to practically promote good health. Dr. Ratner said, "We hear 1 out of 5 dies of cancer. Other organisations find that 1 out of 10 dies of other diseases. The fact is that 1 out of 1 dies of something." We've become a "vitamin-taking, antacid-consuming, barbiturate-sedated, aspirin-alleviated benzedrine-stimulated animal," he says.

CLEFT PALATE

Cleft palates and bone abnormalities in infants may be due to a shortage of the vitamin riboflavin in the diet, according to Dr. Walter J. Pelton, of the U.S.A. Public Health Service dental division. In a report to the American Association of Orthodonists, he stated that in a study of rats, one quarter of those kept on a riboflavin-deficient diet showed skeleton deformities. A high proportion had cleft palates.

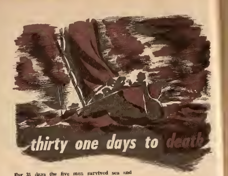
MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

Multiple sclerosis can be benefited if the patient is restricted in fatty foods, says Dr. R. L. Swank, of Montreal, Canada, in "Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry." Benefits are particularly pronounced if the fat limitation is started early in the disease. Dr. Swank said no patients were cured by the diet, but there was a general improvement in their condition and their ability to work in jobs had increased.

Beachcombing for Pearls

We recently heard about beachcombers, so decided to investigate. We were blithely picking up shells when we came across a pearl. She said her name is Michele Safargy. We asked her why she did not go right in, instead of remaining on the water's edge. She laughingly told us she didn't want to get her hair wet


Telling her not to go away, we hastily changed into swimming trunks. Throwing away the shells, we went after the pearl. But Michele did not like the idea of being ducked, so backmoved into the surf, with her hands on her head. Remember, she didn't want to get her hair wet.
No respecters of hair, we came right on in. She tripped and fell backward. She still clutched her hair, hoping to keep it from the spray, while we s-prayed for a dumper. And that is what we did—dumper in the surf. Her hair got wet! Michele Safer-as-we-go.



thirty one days to death

For 31 days the five men survived sea and hunger before sighting land. Then four died

ATHOL YEOMANS

THE first hint of tragedy whipped across the tiny rowing boat with the blown spray when Jim Muir punctured the big tin of beans and found the food inside rotten and putrid. That simple act of opening the can with a jack-knife meant starvation for the five men on board the twenty-two foot whaleboat, and a big spanner in their carefully-laid navigational plans.

The five were from the crew of a U.S. navy ship that had gone aground on deserted Ocean Island, in the Pacific, and they were trying to reach Hawaii to bring a rescue vessel. The ocean was 1800 miles long for them, and their food went bad in the first hundred miles.

The navy ship, a paddle-wheeled steamer called the Saginaw, had been on a voyage to Midway Island, blasting a passage through the reef there to make an entrance to a natural port. The contractors' men on board swelled the numbers to 93.

The Saginaw ran on to the reefs surrounding Ocean Island before dawn on October 29, 1870, battering itself to pieces on the uncharted coral and rocks in a few minutes The crew and officers rowed to the safety of the beach and left a coloured steward still clapped in irons in the brig.

The captain, Lieutenant Commander Montgomery Sicard, made a permanent camp and assessed their position. They had enough food for three months, if it was doled out in

quarter rations. Water was no problem, for the engineers made a crude distiller from a small boiler and speaking tubes from the bridge.

There was just one match salvaged from the ship, it was used to light a fire that was never put out.

Sicard realised their position was grim. They might rot on the island for years, even if the navy sent a ship to look for them they wouldn't think of calling at Ocean Island, 55 miles away from Midway, in the wrong direction. They would have to send for help. The alternative was to stay and die of starvation.

At an officers' meeting, it was decided to send the gig across the 1800 miles of ocean to the Sandwich islands for help. The gig, an oversize rowing boat, was pulled up the beach and converted for deep-sea sailing. With tools and materials saved from the Saginaw the carpenters raised the sides 18 inches, decked the whole boat over and built in four hatches, stepped and stayed two masts and hand-sewed a suit of canvas.

Instruments for navigation were a problem, because the ship's sextant had been lost. An engineer made another from the face of a broken steam gauge which had circular markings. To complete it he used scraps of zinc and fragments of a stateroom mirror . . . but it worked.

In the gig was loaded 90 gallons of water and 25 days' supply of full rations . . . and but for ignorance of the seamen about canning, then a new and chancy way of preserving food, it would have been enough.

There were five volunteers to sail the gig. Lieutenant John Talbot, second-in-command of the Saginaw, was the leader. The others were Halford, the coxwain, Peter Francis, the quartermaster and John Andrews, a case-hardened Yankee from Boston and James Muir, a dour Scotchman, two men from the blasting contractor's party.

They set off on Friday, November 18, 1870 Talbot took with them a tin despatch case with an official report of the shipwreck, a bill of exchange for £200 and letters home from the crew The job sounded simple — all he had to do was deliver it at the Sandwich Islands, 1800 miles by sailing route.

The first three days passed uneventfully. On Monday, the fourth day, Muir broke open the tin of beans

Talbot broke open the rest of the tinned food It was all bad They all ate some of the revolting decayed filth Five minutes later Talbot was on his stomach on the stern of the boat, throwing his meal up into the sea.

Next morning they tried again. Halford and Francis preferred to go hungry Talbot kept it down only two minutes Half-way through the day Andrews and Muir were doubled up with acute poisoning, lying in the cramped space between the bottom boards and the decking, writhing in pain.

"Throw the damned stuff overboard," Talbot ordered.

Five days out, when Muir and Andrews were still helpless with food poisoning, the first storm struck savagely from the west It was the first of many gales that howled round the bare masts of the cockleshell and tore the sea into angry combers that threatened to engulf them. As the sea grew to violent strength, they found leak after leak appearing in the decking. A sudden gush of water put out the weak flame of the sperm lantern — and they were left without light between decks or fire to cook the little food they had left.

They bailed every watch, and tried caulking up the leaks with rag from

their clothes but new gouts appeared as they patched the old.

The days went past, and with it the food. The molasses leaked into the bilge, the sugar was washed away, the hardtack bread went mouldy. In the end they had nothing left but desiccated potato and water.

As the storms drove at them they began to lose their strength. The pitching of the hull on the rough waves and the scream of wind nearly drove them mad with exhaustion; sores opened on their legs from continual wetting and stayed open and festering.

It was Halford who retained enough strength to steer and fight the sea, he took watch after watch, determined to beat the curling waves that crashed on them for hour after hour, day after day.

Talbot no longer had strength to calculate their position by observation, although he still kept the dead reckoning, on the 22nd day they shifted their course south for the run to the Sandwiches. The weather calmed, although the sea still rolled with high waves.

In the middle of a heavy sea, Talbot nearly saw the end of the venture. They struck a mammoth floating log, nearly capsized, but a following wave picked them up and hurled them on. Then Francis, crawling forward along the deck, fell overboard. He grabbed the futile fishing line as he went past, thrashing in the wake. The line held, but it took the combined strength of the others to haul him in again.

Muir and Andrews were seriously ill with dysentery and poisoning although there was no food in their stomachs. Talbot also was ill.

Their 25th day in the gig was calm, with the shredded sails pulling the boat along smoothly. Talbot was ducking below when he heard a man scream, a long terrifying shriek like an animal. He crawled forward and in the light from a hatch saw Francis crouched on all fours, gibbering. He had gone mad.

The others jumped the lunatic, held him down, fed him the last of the desiccated potato and gave him a drink of water. He returned to sanity.

That day they kindled a fire again, focusing the sun through a lens from the binoculars on to a piece of oakum. But there was no food left.

On the 28th day they ran through a school of flying fishes, and caught a half-dozen. It kept them going through the night, and the next morning they sighted land — the farthest island of the Sandwich group.

That was Friday, December 16. On Saturday they were still trying to beat upwind to a landing. At nightfall Sunday Halford took his watch, and they started to beat in to the entrance to Hanolei harbour.

They were too weak and exhausted to care. The despatch case was all that mattered to Talbot, and he went below to try to sleep and forget the voyage. He woke late that night and went up to take his watch. Halford went below, and Talbot hove to as clouds came down and shut off visibility.

The next thing Halford could see was the long, gentle lift of unborn breakers curling in under the hull. He scrambled up and saw that they were in the surf.

Before they could swing the gig the long swell broke. A long Pacific wave curled up under them, lifted the gig high and flung it shorewards in a last cruel trick.

The gig turned turtle, Andrews and Francis were plucked off into the sea, Talbot hung to the hull as they tore towards the reef and the beach. Halford was holding on to the bow, and Muir was trapped underneath. Talbot tried to drag himself up the boat, lost his grip, and was swept into the sea.

The gig righted again, and Muir crawled up through the hatch. Then it capsized again as they hurtled over the shallow reef. The masts went like matchwood and the hull stove in, and the breakers threw them into the quiet water of the lagoon like drowned rats.

Halford stood up in shallow water stark naked, with a nasty head wound. Muir was a wreck, his face black and his jaws working spasmodically. He had gone mad, those last few minutes of terror being too much for him.

The cruise of the gig ended at 2.30 a.m. on Monday, December 19, 31 days out from Ocean Island. Halford emptied the boat of the few things that were unbroken and collapsed on the beach.

In the morning he awoke to find himself alone. Farther down the beach lay Muir, dead, surrounded by curious natives. There was no trace of the others—they had drowned.

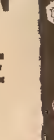
Halford got help, delivered the despatch case, and a steamer rescued the castaways on January 3, 1871. The gig and Talbot's rough sextant are preserved in the U.S. Naval Academy as a record of the task of the men who sailed 1800 miles to perish in the surf at Kalihi Beach.



"I've spotted a weakness! He drops his guard every time you go down!"

"I guess it's all over between us. I used to think of him as dreamy — now I consider him unconscious."

WOMAN PIRATE OF CHINA



KURT SINGER

Pirates still frequent the seas around China and the most powerful is a woman. She rules the seas like a dictator and no one can even take her photo.

HONGKONG is a shopping paradise, you can buy anything there from U.S. jet planes to Russian caviar, from French perfumes to black market dollars. Now that the rich Chinese refugees have come from Shanghai there is plenty of uncontrolled money floating around—Hongkong has developed into Asia's most successful boom-town. The city is sizzling with prosperity. The shops are jammed with everything money can desire. You can have everything from brocades, silks, nylons, bathing suits, cameras and watches. The Casbah of Tangiers has found its counterpart in Hongkong — surrounded by war in Korea, China, Formosa and Indo-China.

In this city, within touch, within sight, sound and smell, the rich and the poor live as brother refugees and as they say "on borrowed time." Neither millionaires nor paupers know how long it will last.

In the Chinese districts live the real poor—no tourist attractions are there to see, no Cook's tour goes through the narrow, winding vertical streets. The wooden balconies of the houses are decorated with washing. These houses have no courtyards, no toilets, no bathrooms, and only one community kitchen to serve up to fifteen fami-

lies The tenements are over-crowded and expensive Hundreds of children play in these streets with its dirt and dust You see street sleepers—the human outcasts who live off the garbage cans from the big hotels

This is Hongkong, the city where world history is made and global espionage centres have established their secret headquarters, their harbour espionage, their pirating offices, their assassination squads and their passport mills.

A group of American Intelligence officers landed here in 1951 with the almost inhuman task to discover the blockade runners, the organization of Chinese smugglers and pirates Veterans of the Pacific they began their search for the Buccaneers of the China Sea and here started operation "Yellow Sea"

It all began with stopping a freighter bound for Hongkong The captain of the British 5 000-tonner M S Mallory, cruising through the Yellow Sea, had never before seen such a strange flag. It had eight stars in blue on a red background; a sun, a hammer and sickle and the emblem of the Chinese Nationalists It was a mixture of many flags.

The weird craft had signalled the Britisher to stop About twenty-five men from her boarded the Mallory. All were heavily armed with the latest American machine-guns They were in rags and torn uniforms, and among them were Chinese, Koreans, Formosans and Manchurians. Their leader spoke flawless English.

A few hours later these unknown men, pirates of the twentieth century, had transferred the Mallory's entire freight to their own ship

Then in August 1951, a British shipping line in Hongkong received the following audacious and blackmailing letter

"Your freighter due to depart August 25, 1951, will be attacked and looted on August 28 Should you postpone departure of the ship, the attack will take place to correspond with the change. You can ensure the ship's safety by inserting the following announcement of a marriage notice in three Chinese newspapers in Canton. 'Damsel with white, even teeth, long hair, pleasant disposition, eyes as blue as a water rose and with the voice of a bird, seeks spouse who can use 20,000 Hongkong dollars.' One day after the notice is published, send a messenger wearing a wide-brimmed hat and carrying 20,000 dollars wrapped in a newspaper to the Red Pagoda tea-room in Canton. It would be useless to arrest our agent who will receive the package, for he is only a poor coolie without understanding"

The British shipping company paid up. They put the notice in and handed over the 20,000 dollars in the tea-room. The police were powerless

For months similar letters were found in the mail of big Hongkong companies or were slipped under doors in Portuguese Makao or Canton. According to the British Naval Police, the pirates of the China Sea and adjacent rivers collect each year anything from sixteen to sixty-three million Chinese dollars by this intimidation.

On January 13, fifteen pirates posing as passengers forcibly took command of the Kong Fate, running between Hongkong and Canton They collected 280 000 dollars, signalled greetings to Canton and escaped unrecognised.

Not very long ago pirates took over a steamer running between Makao and Canton, and by robbing over a hundred passengers got away with 84,000 dollars

Pirate groups are extremely well organised, and through their agents in this game of high blackmail are prepared to meet the shipowners more than half way. Ships are warned before they are due to leave port, and should the owner pay the sum demanded, his ship will be protected against the Chinese Nationalists or Communist patrol boats. If the vessel is attacked by another pirate the collectors of blackmail will come to its defence

When the Kuangsi Shipping Company opened a service between Hongkong and Canton, the pirates demanded 100,000 dollars protection money per year This impudent request was refused. Soon afterwards, in a narrow street on High Island near Canton, a mine exploded less than ten feet away from where the ship was berthed It destroyed dynamos and wrecked the steering-gear. A few nights later another mine exploded in the Taishek passage, heavily damaging another of the company's vessels and killing seventeen passengers and injuring many others.

British, American and the big Chinese companies flying the Panamanian flag have long defended the bridges of their vessels with steel plate and barbed wire. Officers are armed and a machine-gun is mounted on the bridge. But since stokers and crew are mostly Chinese, these precautions are only effective if the pirates are not already aboard and posing as loyal coolies.

Modern Chinese pirates are skilled in the use of hand grenades and American machine-guns. Their junks are motorised to out-distance fast police-boats.

The pirates' richest hunting-ground lies between the Bay of Bias, some thirty-one miles north-east of Hongkong, and Makao. Strongholds are the Bay of Bias, and three small fortified islands on the north coast of the restless mouth of the Pearl River

BADLY BENT

A hard-working draper,
Who on Friday is paid,
Put an ad in the paper,
(By necessity made).
"My financial position fills
me with moans,
"For every Tuesday I'm flat,
"I would like any exchange
of small loans
"With one who's paid Wed.
and broke Sat"

— AH-EM

Only a few of the leaders are really well known One of the most dangerous operating between Shanghai and Singapore, according to U S. Intelligence, is a woman, thirty-five years of age, well educated, courageous and attractive. She wears star-shaped ear-rings encrusted with diamonds, smokes her cigarettes out of a carved ivory cigarette-holder, carries two pistols in her handbag and a third strapped to the inside of her left leg Her records are filed in police headquarters at Canton, Hongkong, Makao and Bangkok But no picture of her exists She is queen of over fifty pirate ships and fifteen hundred men.

Madame has imagination coupled with a fair share of recklessness In 1946, when looting expeditions were returning with meagre rewards, she had a sudden inspiration Every night she would send twelve of her men out in a flat-bottomed barge equipped with a steam winch. During several trips they managed to pull to the surface great lengths of the underwater reserve cable between Hongkong and

Singapore. The copper and steel was then stripped off and sold at a big price in the black market.

In December of the same year Madame was responsible for an even more daring coup. With seven fully manned junks she followed in the wake of the Dutch steamer, Van Heusz, en route from Canton to Swatou. On a starless night they boarded the Dutchman and stayed on board fully fifteen hours. They destroyed radio and telephone communications.

Police testimony revealed that every passenger was ordered into the first-class salon, where handbags and pockets were searched. When morning dawned over the Yellow Sea, Madame escaped with loot to the value of 770,000 dollars.

The Hongkong police files tell us that Madame learned the trade from her husband. She had been a well-known dancer in Canton when an official of the Chinese central government, Wong Kungkit, married her in 1939 Wong came from Nanking with piles of luggage and every bag filled with Chinese dollars. Madame travelled to Makao with him. In 1940 Wong was already king of the pirates working for China and Japan. By 1946 Wong had amassed a fortune estimated at seventy million Chinese dollars as a result of his activities which included looting, murder, espionage and blackmail.

But in 1946 the Portuguese colonial police became tougher and Wong's income began to shrink. Finally he had to be satisfied with attacks on ordinary junks

One night Wong sighted three fat-bellied ships about twelve miles out of Hongkong Immediately he came alongside Wong's men went on board. But the pirate's luck had run out The junks were manned by tough, battle-tested British commandos. They fought for twenty minutes and Wong lost. Wounded, he escaped in a boat, but fell into the hands of a Communist partisan chief, who handed him over to Makao police for twenty thousand patacas. Two days later Wong tried to escape and was shot and died in the gutter.

On the following afternoon the elegant Madame Wong, with her cigarette-holder and three pistols, relaxed in her husband's headquarters on the Bay of Bias She had taken over.

Madame knew how to handle even the fiercest of her husband's gang In the opium dens and gambling-houses of Makao word went round that Madame had succeeded her husband as pirate leader. She is seldom seen and knows how to take care of her interests. Now and then she gambles—always for enormous stakes. She still roams these narrow waters. But Madame is careful. She knows the British and Portuguese police would like her scalp. Either would pay 10,000 dollars just for her picture. So far no one has been able to earn the reward.

Madame just doesn't like to be photographed. Furthermore, she shoots faster than any photographer.

The day President Eisenhower removed the U.N. Naval blockade and the Nationalist Government of China was encouraged to begin commando raids against the Chinese mainland, the Communist Mao Tse Tsung agents offered unlimited funds to the pirates of the China Sea.

So, the Chinese underworld become an integral part of the Communists in China, its newest allies are the best harbor spies the world has ever seen "Operation Yellow Sea", is only midway. The last Chinese pirates and Battle of Spies has not been fought, yet.



EMOTIONS IN THE DRESSING ROOM

Two fighters assault one another in the ring. But these fighters are humans with strong emotions which are revealed in the dressing room.

RAY MITCHELL

THE crowd sat in the stadium, patiently waiting for the fighters to put in an appearance There was a buzz of sound of talk, rustling of peanut bags and movement of clothing, from the thousands who were seated or making their way to their seats

To-night was a fight night and those fans were in attendance to witness what they hoped would be a good fight A happy crowd laughing swapping yarns of the great fighters of the past And men in shirt sleeves, standing, looking around the assembled faces in their immediate vicinity and trying to get bets on the big fight. A nod here and the bet is laid, and the other says: "I am backing Green to win That's right?" And the answer "That's right mate. You are set for a fiver at evens."

And while these people, who have come to be entertained by the crash of gloves against flesh by the artistry of the champion or the hitting power of the challenger, the preliminary boxers are being weighed, examined by the doctor and are being attended by their seconds in the dressing room. Their managers are taping their hands their boxing boots are laced upon their feet their trunks are adjusted over the foul-proof shield.

The taping is complete and the boys are sitting on the table, listening to

instructions from the chief seconds. The lads are nervous, but trying to seem carefree. Some are joking, but the jokes are forced. Others are sitting quietly. All are tensed while they wait their call. Then it comes. The dressing room steward calls the first two lads to go out. The seconds pat the lads on the back, wish them luck, and follow them through the door, down the "last mile" to the ring. The seconds carry towels and first aid kit—and they hope they do not have to use the collodion.

The preliminary fighters enter the ring and sit down quietly. The weight cards are hoisted and the announcer calls the names and weights over the loud speaker system. The crowd gives a few cheers of encouragement. They like a good fight, but they regard the prelims as a fill in while the main event boxers get ready.

If the preliminary boys turn on a good fight they are cheered — and forgotten, unless those boys show championship qualities which could be developed. If the fight is very good, they receive a shower of coins from the ringsiders—and perhaps a bonus on top of their usual rate from the promoters.

And while these boys are fighting up there on that raised platform, the main event boxers are in their dressing rooms. Each occupies a room to himself and handlers. They have been there since half an hour before the first prelim. These boxers weighed in at 2 p.m. and were examined by the doctor. Now, clad in trunks and boots, they are lying on a table with a blanket over each. But some boxers differ. Vic Patrick liked to sit and joke with his handlers and he never minded how many of his friends were present.

This pre-fight feeling takes many forms. All are keyed up, but they show it in different ways. Tommy Burns liked to lie quietly or go to sleep. Freddie Dawson is always edgy and surly, if anyone says the wrong thing he will snap at the offender. That, of course, is not the natural Freddie, who is a quiet, equable fellow. But, when a man is about to fight, he is naturally nervous. Not that he is afraid of taking punches, that worries no fighter, because he does not feel the punches like the spectators think he does.

A case of a man who never felt the usual pre-fight nerves was Andre Famechon, the French lightweight who was campaigning in Australia in 1949-50. He was coolness personified before a bout.

There are and have been many fighters who cannot fight their best until the early rounds are over, due to entering the ring "cold." Some of these fighters spend some time warming up in their dressing room. Freddie Dawson does this in cold weather, but Max Baer used to warm up in any weather for anything up to half an hour before he entered the ring. Max was a notoriously slow starter and he used to box up to 10 rounds in his dressing room prior to entering the ring to box a further 15 rounds.

When Max was in his dressing room awaiting the call to go into action against Primo Carnera, the world heavyweight champion, he sparred hectically for half an hour. The champion's manager came to the door of Baer's dressing room and knocked. Upon being told to enter, he came in to find a sweating Baer madly punching everything in sight. The manager's eyes popped. "He is mad!" he said. "Mad." Baer laughed and said: "Tell that mutton head of yours that I am going to take his title to-night. See this?" — and he lashed out at a steel cupboard with his fist — "I am going to hit Preemo with a right like that and he will hit the floor."

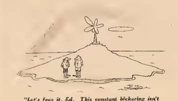
Max was right, he sat Primo on the canvas 12 times in 11 rounds to win by K.O.

The time has come for the main event boxers to enter the ring. All the preliminaries are over and the weight cards have been hoisted over the corners. The crowd stands to ease cramped limbs. Then the main event boxers enter the "last mile." First one makes his appearance and is greeted with cheers and sometimes a few hoots. He jumps lightly through the ropes, waves or bows to the crowd and sits down. Then the other appears and is met with similar applause, the greater ovation being given the more popular fighter. The dressing gowns are slipped down from their shoulders and the gloves are adjusted. A second from the other corner is watching this operation; he wants to ensure that the padding around the knuckle part of the glove is not broken.

The crowd is restless and an excited buzz of anticipation is abroad. The referee calls the fighters to ring centre and issues instructions. "You know the rules. Do not break them. In the event of a knockdown, I want the other man to go to the farthest neutral corner and to stay there until I say 'box on.' If there are any breaches of the rules, I will deduct points from the offender and I will give a warning. After three warnings, I will disqualify the offender. Any flagrant breach will merit disqualification immediately. When I say 'break' I want a clean break. But, remember, protect yourselves at all times, and come out fighting."

The bell and the fight is on. And the crowd reacts according to the course of the fight. Where there are thrills the crowd will cheer, shout, and even stand up in their seats. If the fight is a tame one, the crowd will jeer, call out "throw them out," and count out the fighters.

And when the fight is over and the boxers prepare to leave the ring, the winner receives long and loud applause — if the crowd thinks he warrants it. There are cheers for the loser, too, the amount depending on whether he turned in a good fight,



"Let's face it, Ed. This constant bickering isn't getting us anywhere."

or, in the crowd's opinion, received a bad deal when the decision went against him

The dressing room is reached and the boxers sit on the table while their handlers remove the tapes from their hands If the fight were a strenuous one, the fighters will lie down and rest under a blanket before showering

The mood in the dressing rooms is different from the mood before the fight. There is jubilation in the winner's room and a quiet sadness in the los r's. Sometimes there is indignation in the room of the loser, if the verdict was a close one. "We were robbed," harp the handlers of the loser.

Sometimes the fighters release pent-up emotions — glee or tears. Andre Famechon, a really tough guy, was stopped by Jack Hassen in three rounds at Sydney Stadium Andre was not put on the floor bis face was cut so badly that the referee stopped the contest and declared Hassen the winner. Famechon protested to the ref in no uncertain terms. "I am all right," he shouted. "Why did you stop it?"

Andre ran back to his dressing room in a frenzy, and when he reached it he raved and burst into tears 'Why did he stop it? Hassen was not hurting me. I would have gone on and won." Then he slammed his fist through the three-ply wall.

When Sugar Ray Robinson lost to Joe Maxim in the 13th round in an attempt to gain Maxim's light-heavy title, he was in a coma in the dressing room Ray had that fight won, but failure to pace himself in the intense heat caused his collapse at the end of the 13th round The referee stopped the fight and Ray was raving when he reached his dressing room. Mayor of New York Vincent Impellitiere, a friend of Ray, went into the dressing room and implored Robinson to quit fighting. Ray, unable to recognise his friend and being unable to control his senses, greeted the plea with a blast of insulting adjectives. He did not know what he was doing and when told later, he went around to the Mayor's home and profusely apologised. They are still friends.

A great fighter was Henry Armstrong—once. He held three world titles at the same time (in 1938), a feat never duplicated in ring history, and he lost the last — the walter, to Fritzie Zivic, when Henry was past his best. Hammering Hank received the hammering that night and he was badly battered. Zivic came into his dressing room to see how Henry was faring and he saw the battered features being stitched by the doctor.

Zivic moved over to the table and took Armstrong's hand in both his. "How do you feel, Henry?" he asked. "O.K." replied Armstrong. Zivic was filled with pity as he saw him there with his features unrecognisable. Tears filled his eyes as he whispered: "You are the greatest fighter that ever lived."

Boxing is a sport of emotions Two men hammer each other for glory and money and they shake hands in the friendliest spirit after it is over. They joke with each other after the fight and they sympathise with each other. Tommy Burns and Mickey Tollis, who fought three hectic fights, used to celebrate at a night club after their assaults upon each other. And they toasted each other in lemonade.

And when the boxers leave the stadium, the winner has a large crowd of well-wishers to slap his back and ask for his autograph The loser? There are always some friends to offer condolences, but that is all. The crowd loves a winner

A JOB FOR



"Goodtime Joe"

FICTION

Goodtime Joe and Chilla had to take care of a squealer. But Joe still had to have fun—before and after the job

D'ARCY NILAND

WELL, that's the boy. Goodtime Joe McGlusky. The mind that records as a straight line on an encephalograph. The Piltdown Man in a drape suit, nylon underwear, and hats that come at eighty deeners a pop. A mealtime manner that can demolish a feed in five minutes flat with the noise of a chord from Wagner; a knife the principal tool operating between plate and mouth Put a gun in his hand, give him an instruction, and the job is as good as done Have you got the picture? Right.

At 7.30 he alighted at the dingy hotel, swirled about by the backwash of the city. He tattooed up the stairs, knocked on the door. There was no response, but when he bent the keyhole framed an image of the weedy man in shirtsleeves, sitting still like a rabbit startled by danger.

"Hey, Chilla," said Goodtime Joe. "It's me, Joe. Open up." He gave a laugh. He looked back again, not through the keyhole, but at it. He

laughed again. Had the shape of a lolly all right, where the waist cuts out and the hips take over

The door opened, and flat chested, scrawny shouldered Chilla gave his trademark smile. Goodtime Joe ambled in.

"Where the hell you been?" he boomed "Sick or something?"

"You said it," Chilla told him, closing the door and giving his bony bosom a tap. "Think I got something wrong in here. Pain all the time, can't keep any tucker down. I been crook for a week."

"You took your time answering the door" Goodtime Joe rapped the little man on the shoulder and winked "Don't tell me you got a lolly getting under your hair?"

Chilla shrugged and brought on his smile again. He didn't say anything. Goodtime Joe gave another laugh 'You can redirect her my way if you have They can't pester me enough" He cracked his knuckles, smiling, the big round eyes shining. He took off his hat and flung it on the bed He took a comb from his vest pocket and, stanced before the wardrobe mirror, began to groom his hair

Chilla dropped on the bed, sighing deeply "Nice of you to drop around and see a man"

Goodtime Joe didn't stop primping himself "Business, boy"

"Business?"

"Yeah. Hell, I dunno! I told that bloody barber not to take too much off the top Look at that."

"Looks okay to me. What business, Joe?"

"That bust job at Slattery's Fur Palace."

"Yeah?"

"Boss found out who blew the gaff," Goodtime Joe said, encouraging a curl "Look at that . . . won't sit up! Not enough hair That half-witted wool carpenter! Just wait till tomorrow. What do you reckon?"

He turned for an appraisement. Little Chilla was sitting upright on the bed, looking at him from a lined, whey face on which the sweat glistened. He had a day's growth shadowing his jaws

He nodded "Looks fine. You're too fussy."

Goodtime Joe turned back to the mirror for a last concentrated inspection.

"You were saying about the boss . . ." Chilla prompted.

"Yeah" Goodtime Joe grimaced, his hair on his mind "Fat Willie, it was"

"What? Fat Willie" There was a sharper note in Chilla's voice. He looked with a strained enquiring expression as though the news had shocked him. "Boss absolutely sure about that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Goodtime Joe said, smiling, forgetting his coiffure troubles with habitual impulsiveness "He said, you know what to do, Joe. Pick up Chilla and take him with you So you work it out if he's sure or not."

"We got to fix him?"

"Sure have" Goodtime Joe sat down with a luxurious grunt. "Got anything to drink, Chilla?"

"Hell, what a host." Chilla jumped up with a grin. There was lithe movement in his little body He returned with two bottles off the ice, knocked the cap off one with a florin and poured the beers. His eyes gleamed. He said with a vicious excitement "You knew I never liked that bloke, Willie. He always had that something —I dunno what it is—about him, didn't he? You know what I mean, Joe?"

"No, he had me fooled I always liked him"

"Oh, yes, he was a likeable sort of a bloke I'm not saying he wasn't. But, you know, too plausible. Knew all the answers. Too smart for his own good" He took a gulp "Beats me why he'd do a thing like that, though. What would he get out of it?"

"Might cop twenty smackers from the demons and a promise to leave him alone."

"S'pose the boss is damn mad about it?"

"What do you think?" Goodtime Joe said "Three of the boys picked up and the job foozled. What do you think?"

"Yeah," reflected Chilla "The louse."

"Not a bad drop, that."

"No, all right. What's the set-up, Joe? Is Willie in smoke?"

"He thinks he is" Goodtime Joe guzzled the remainder of the glass with the noise of a waterfall. "Somebody must have tipped him off that the boss had him marked, and he cleared He didn't even wait to try to do any explaining"

"Boss don't like explanations, I don't blame Willie," Chilla said with a grin, refilling the glasses "You tracked him down, though?"

"Willie? Yeah, he's holed up out in the sandhills. In a weekender Cronulla way It's a pushover The poor mug doesn't know a thing" He burst into a roar of laughter "Doing for himself out there like a little lolly. Can't you see him? Apron on. Curlers in the hair" The laughter doubled on itself at the richness of the image in Goodtime Joe's mind. "Don't it make you scream?"

"You know where this place of Willie's is?"

"Sure thing."

Chilla put on a necktie. Then his coat Goodtime Joe eased on his hat, looked at himself in the mirror, and with a smirk of admiration turned away At the door, before opening it, he said to the little man at his elbow: "Got your roscoe?"

Chilla patted the bulge over his heart "In here."

They walked down the street. Goodtime Joe swung along with a wrestler's stride. Chilla took short fast steps. Goodtime Joe brushed shoulders against women approaching, apologised, looked back for a roving sight of legs and a pleasurable appraisal of the potentiality of their owners.

He stopped at an amusement parlour He rarely ever went past one He stood on the footpath, looking with glossy eyes and smiling face into the cave of noise and light Chilla looked in, too, but there was nothing to enchant him He gazed up at Goodtime Joe and pulled a wry face as Goodtime Joe nudged him and entered the inviting portals. Chilla followed.

He glanced in a mirror as he passed through the chamber of joy and frivolity. The bristles stuck in his chin like little black splinters. He felt frowsy The eyes of the world were on him. He glanced around him like a calm fugitive A brittle shell of gaiety blokes and sheilas, the jingle of coins, jive music But nobody was looking at him. He felt better

In five minutes Goodtime Joe had optically canvassed the joint and snared for himself a girl with fuchsia-coloured lips, anklestrap shoes and a ponytail hairdo. She had a similar brand of cheesecake with her, but smaller, with bangles for earrings and the cud-chewing habit.

"I'll take you Lacypants," Goodtime Joe said to his girl "And Chilla here can have your friend—what's her name?—Shirley Okay, you two?"

Shirley didn't care whether Chilla was a boa constrictor He had pockets and dough lived in pockets. She linked her arm in his. He gave a shy smile and left it there Goodtime Joe put his arm around his girl and she

hooked on to him. As easy as that.

They walked up and down. They played the machines. Drank milk-shakes. Listened to the jukebox. Goodtime Joe guzzled, laughed, joked, dug his fingers now and then into the girl's waist, squeezing her soft flesh. She squirmed and elbowed him with petulant indignation. He kept paying out. He could buy himself a good time, and was proving it. The girl had staked her interest. Chilla and Shirley were still only making fair weather. Chilla spent. Shirley hooted and guffawed and chewed the cud strenuously. But conversation between them was dull and drifting.

Chilla, with the grimness of the night venture nagging at him, wondered at and resented Goodtime Joe's carefree, rollicking glory. What an animal. On assignment. Got to do a man over in a little while. Send him off the planet for good, and here he was having the time of his life. No feeling. Never felt anything. Just a dirty big hulk of an animal.

Chilla hated the sick fear that came in his stomach when he thought of the job ahead.

Then it was time to part. The girls looked disappointed, even dismayed. Goodtime Joe grinned, bent over to his girl's ear. She looked coyly virtuous, then smiled, with a smile that expanded slowly as if making certain that he would savour the promise it contained.

"In about two hours then," he said. "Right here. Don't go away now."



"Now what's the matter with HIM?"

"I won't," promised the girl.

As they turned to go Goodtime Joe gave his breathy chuckle. "It's on," he said. "I'll bet she tastes like a pear, too."

Chilla said nothing. He was glad to meet the night air. His body was prickling with sweat. In the train, with the air blowing against his face, he thought of the girl, and it was nice thinking of her. The way she smelt like a bunch of flowers. The touch of her flesh. Now that he was away from her he sensed the appeal in her.

Goodtime Joe looked around him. There was no one else in the carriage. Still with the recollection of enjoyment on his face, he pulled out his revolver.

"Show me your gat, Chilla," he said, without looking up.

Chilla pulled out his gun, and Goodtime Joe took it in his other hand. He appraised both weapons.

"What's the score?" Chilla said.

"Mine throws 'em a bit wide," Goodtime Joe said. "How's yours?"

Chilla shrugged. "You couldn't miss standing on your ear, not with that rod," he said with some pride.

"I'll use it. Okay?"

"Sure, Joe," Chilla nodded.

Goodtime Joe spun the chamber, emptied the bullets, examined them, reloaded. He did the same with his own gun and handed it to Chilla.

"Right. Now I tell you what we do. When Willie cops the slug, and while he's still kicking, I'm going to plant this gun in his paw. Suicide—get it? And the cops who know Willie, and know he split on us, will think it's a natural. The heat was on, poor Willie couldn't take it, so he knocked himself off. How do you like that?"

Chilla thought for a moment. "Why, it's perfect, Joe — only what about my gun?"

"Naturally, you don't give nothing to Willie, not even dead. You take Willie's gun. That's a fair swap. Makes our plan look better, too. Might seem a bit suspicious if Willie had two guns."

"Yeah, yeah, I see what you mean," Chilla said. "I'll miss that rod, though."

They got off at the dismal railway station. There was the smell of the sea and the bush. A whispering darkness. They walked down the empty road. Goodtime Joe was chuckling. "That was some lolly I landed tonight."

"Mine wasn't bad either," Chilla said.

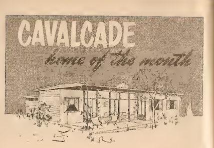
"Like a pear. That's how I bet she tastes. Like a pear — a rich, ripe, juicy pear. We go down here."

Chilla turned off the road, down a bush track. The trees were around them and over them. The sea washed forlornly in the near distance. Their dark bulks moved through the bulkier darkness.

"Can't wait to get back and taste that pear," Goodtime Joe said.

"Little sort I had'll do me," Chilla said. "She was all right. She was a lot of fun. I was wishing I was spruced up a bit better. Would have felt better if I'd had a shave. But she didn't seem to mind. She didn't let on, anyway. Shows what a grouse little poster she is."

Chilla went on stumbling along the track. Suddenly he realised there was only the sound of one pair of feet. He stopped. Turned quickly. There was nothing, no one behind him, only a ragged channel through the bush. The soundless spurt of flame came from his right. He felt his hand being lifted, and he sensed his fingers gripping on warm steel. He heard the breathy chuckling. He heard the scuffle of feet drifting away.



No. 3

E. M. BURICH

Although it looks more complicated in plan the house is essentially a plain rectangle with a low-pitched gable roof running over the whole length of the main building. Car port, laundry and WC are under a separate low roof. The service area is to the front of the block, shielded from view by the car port and by a wall along the front boundary, thus leaving the rear clear for garden and outdoor living. The main room is fairly large, combining the functions of living and dining and being extended both practically and visually through large fixed glass panels to the covered porch and hence to the open terrace and garden. The bedrooms are reasonably large for such a small home and have sufficient built-in wardrobe space. W.C. is separate from bathroom and the bedroom hall is treated more as a dressing room with high windows above the deep wardrobes. High windows in the living room serve for cross ventilation. The kitchen in which the housewife spends so many hours of her day has the same outlook and exposure as the living area which makes it simple to serve meals on the terrace.

The block of land for this house needs to be 60 feet wide and should have its best exposure to the rear.



ARSON

In the 1870's Adam Kissel of Newark, Ohio, committed arson on a large scale. He got drunk one night and set fire to a number of filthy shacks, in the hope of collecting the insurance. In that he failed. However, the townspeople were so pleased that the shacks had been burned beyond repair that they erected a monument to Kissel. That monument took the form of a sculptured face of Kissel over the door of the First National Bank. It is still there and is probably the only monument in existence to be erected to an arsonist.

SOME HIDE

There is one animal which will not die from snakebite. That is the wild hog. It has so much fat between its hide and its bloodstream that the venom becomes buried in the fat, thus doing no damage.

HILL BILLIES

The inhabitants of the Ozark Mountains, U.S.A., continue to use many words and phrases which became obsolete centuries ago elsewhere. For example, they say "preachment" for "sermon", "wash-off" for "bath"; "nursement" for "human milk"; "ruinated" for "ruin"; "needments" for "necessities", "feather into" for "shoot", and "in the gales" for "good humour."

DYKES

The people of Holland have always feared inundations of their country, as 40 percent of it is below sea level and its 465 mile coastline requires the constant protection of embankments, which often spring leaks during heavy weather. These dykes, constructed in the 10th century, cover 200,000 miles, or 8 times the circumference of the Earth.

INDIAN TURNABOUT

The history of U.S.A. contains many tales of Indian uprisings against the whites, but, in 1878 a band of riotous Mexican soldiers crossed the border, seized a stretch of fertile U.S. territory and raised a defiant banner. There were no federal troops within hundreds of miles, but a band of Apaches, sworn enemies of the U.S. whites, attacked the Mexicans, killed them and raised the Stars and Stripes over the recovered land. The flag they raised had been carried away during a successful raid against a federal fort in Arizona some weeks before.

THEY KILLED IN A FRENZY

Hors[illegible]red to kill an[illegible]d with hashish, fight to the [illegible] while frenzied spectators bet on the results.

I HAD gone ashore, somewhat recklessly, from the tramp steamer "Morgan Vidette," which lay off Isabella, a humid squalor of a village on the Philippine Island of Basilan.

I'd come ashore unarmed, for Isabella, stronghold of the fierce, blood-bathed Moslem Moros — the world's most savage swordsmen — does not welcome armed intruders.

An hour before ship's sailing, I found myself in a runty waterfront cafe in the sullen company of a dozen brown-skinned Moros, who were swilling rancid rice wine, the traditional intoxicant of the Sulu archipelago. My companions were an unkempt lot and I could feel their hot animosity upon me. I was the only non-Moslem among them.

Suddenly, a half hour before sailing, a pock-faced boy burst into the place and began a whispering reconnaissance of the drinkers. Instantly, the room was astir.

When the buzzing, excited conversation — partly in Sulu, partly in Magindanaw, the languages of these islands — welled up high-pitched and jubilant, I beckoned to a buxom Moro woman who had served me.

"Senora," I asked in Spanish, "what excites them?"

She drew back, startled. It was as if I'd thrust a stiletto towards her instead of a few innocent words.

For a moment she hesitated. Then, glancing cautiously about to make sure no one overheard, she leaned closer and breathed "Las guerras a muerte de los caballos!"

"The war to death of the horses!"

Instantly, I knew the reason for the excitement. Uncontrollably, a shudder quaked through me as I recalled the stories I'd heard. How the noblemen of these islands, the aristocratic Datus, are patrons to the most bloodthirsty, most inhumanely savage

marathons known to mankind duels unto death between blooded Batangas stallions

Batangas are magnificent animals Proud Highstrung Killers Originally from the province of Batangas, southeast of Manila, they are a cross-breed of the most spirited horseflesh from Arabia, the Malayas and the Philippines. Batangas, I knew, were trained from colthood for no other purpose than to mangle and maul one another in the arena

While they fought to the death, cheering throngs of drunken, betel-nut chewing Moros goaded them on with fierce curses and huge wagers No fighting Batangas ever felt a saddle or bit None was ever hitched behind a waggon. They were groomed and pampered and trained like gladiators

These lustful, cruel duels between stallions whose teeth were filed to dagger's points and whose hoofs were honed razor-sharp, had been capital sport among the Moros for centuries. But even more repulsive was the Moros' habit of doping these princely combatants just before they entered the arena of death The drug was a mixture of hot rice wine and hashish — a morbid concoction made from dried hemp plants

As I threaded my way between the tables of staring, now ominously quiet drinkers, I felt every eye upon me I hadn't taken six paces before a woman screamed hideously It was a nerve-piercing, terrible outcry. I wheeled around The Moro woman lay cringing upon the floor

Sickened, I turned back toward the door But a giant Moro blocked my way His muscular brown body was sheathed in the Moros' traditional garb skin-tight trousers and a short-sleeved jacket, open at the waist, revealing his bronzed, hardened abdomen A vivid red bandana was flung around his forehead and his glaring, piratical eyes were blood-red and ferocious. I noticed the sash hung at his waist, which formed a kind of pocket Stashed inside, I knew, were betel-nuts which blacken the Moros' teeth and tinge their gums a hideous orange

Then, with a start, my eyes came to rest upon the razor-sharp "barong" — the long, wicked, business-like machete which hung at his side.

My antagonist curled his lips into a tight, cruel smile

"Senor," he said in perfect Spanish, "you have heard?"

"About the horses?"

Instantly every man in the room was on his feet, his hands upon his barong

"You shall be our guest," the sneering lips mocked, "until tomorrow. Until after the festivities"

"I can't," I pleaded, "my ship sails in 20 minutes"

"How unfortunate, senor," he snarled, mockingly, "but how do we know you will not warn the police— those who do not care for this thing of the horses?"

I was helpless before them, and so, reluctantly, I became their "guest"

The next crowded hours were a nightmare. In the gathering dusk they hurried me from the cafe, ordered me to mount a horse and herded me off into the night. At length we arrived at what apparently was a ranch I was ordered to dismount and my "hosts" shoved me roughly into a hovel and bade me mockingly to have a good night's sleep A huge, turbaned Moro guard stood watching me.

They held me prisoner in the hovel until noon Outside I could hear the excited whinny of horses and the coming and gomgs of many people. Then drums began a weird, rhythmic madness

It was a melancholy chant that settles in a man's stomach and slowly, steadily creeps into his throat and lodges there, a frightening, awesome sensation. And off from the distance came wild cries of unrestrained revelry Excited. Vibrant. Savage

Just before midday my "host" appeared He led me some distance through a milling throng of drunken Moros to a cleared place. The arena! Two hundred feet square, it was roped off by a thick hemp fence Most of two sides—directly across and to our right—were reserved for royalty. Here sat the wealthy Datus whose horses were to duel. Raised platforms dotted the "reserved" sections and atop these, on rugs, reposed the wives and concubines of the Datus.

Huddled below the platforms were the native women, and servant girls from the lords' and ladies' households.

The arena's remaining two sides—where we stood and to our left—were jammed with free citizens and slaves who comprise the less fortunate of Basilan's populace. About us milled a thousand Moros, their betel-nut crammed jaws working incessantly. Some were ladling rice wine from huge hogsheads set up in the areas occupied by the poor. Everyone was drunk and boisterous and here and there fights broke out among the spectators The place was hot and sultry —and hung with a bunting of morbid expectancy.

In the arena's centre stood a lone, scrawny palm. Built around it, about fifteen feet from the ground, was a platform Here sat three umpires—now already in their places. The umpires were chosen by the Datus. Below the platform squatted a slave holding a porcelain pot into which, at intervals, an umpire would let fly a stream of betel juice. The judges were old men and their aim was not so good as in their youth. The slave was stained head to foot with vile, black spittle

On opposite sides of the arena were palm-log corrals and within paced the blooded Batangas, seemingly impatient for death

Suddenly a great gong sounded. The crowd went wild, for this heralded the beginning of the duels. I noticed that the rich Datus and the poor, alike, were laying frenzied bets Some of the poor, I knew, had been known to wager a year's wages on a single bout. And a winning Datu often added another wife to his harem Whole ranches were bet upon a single animal—so intense was the Moros' feeling for these savage tournaments of blood.

My companion spat a live stream of betel juice and muttered. "Usually, senor, they parade the animals now. This was done earlier this morning. Now, they fight!"

Suddenly a retainer jogged into the arena leading a mare.

The mare was tied to a post directly before the umpires' platform.

Then, a second gong reverberated across the clearing and the corral gate to our left swung open.

A huge, muscularly-hocked Batangas pranced from the corral His coat was creamy-satin His nostrils quivering and undulating, he got wind of the mare. His tail was like a wisp of silver floss in the bright sunlight. But then I noticed his hoofs. They were honed to sharp, deadly cutting edges The magnificent beast pawed before the mare

But suddenly, the corral across the way burst open and in a flash, a coal-black stallion as magnificent as the first, bolted into the arena, he too, intent upon the mare. In a moment of perfect suspense the two stallions stopped stiff-shanked on opposite sides of the mare. Their eyes rolled with

the drugged frenzy which only rice wine and hashish can kindle.

They faced one another, the white animal and the black. They pawed the dust in mad fury, like wrestlers before throwing a half-nelson. Their wild snorts were blood-tingling, piercing. Then, their mouths agape, nostrils quivering, muscles tensed, they closed for mortal combat.

Suddenly, within ten feet of the other, the white animal screeched a deep-throated challenge and, rearing upon his hind legs, kicked out his forelegs with terrible force.

Two stiletto-sharp hoofs caught the black animal in the flank, ripping loose a flap of skin as wide as a man's chest

The black Batangas screamed with pain and rage, and rearing, shot his front legs out like live pistons. His honed hoofs raked the other's neck. Then, with a report like the cracking of a bushman's whip, his knife-sharp teeth stabbed viciously and punctured the white animal's left eye His victim let out a horrible cry of hurt, and retreated, his eye oozing a yellow liquid But the black beast was upon him immediately. Charging. Flailing with his hoofs, his teeth ripping savagely. Rearing upon his hindquarters to beat his hoofs upon the shank and chest of his opponent.

Though horribly mutilated, his once creamy coat raked and gashed and dripping blood, the white Batangas fought back furiously. As the black fury reared, the blinded horse shot his razor-sharp hoofs into his adversary's belly. Pain-wracked, the black Batangas reeled backwards Again and again the blinded horse knifed him in the gut, until blood ran in torrents

Now, snapping their huge, bloodied jaws like the report of fire-crackers, they came at one another Slugging. Tearing Slashing. Mauling. The black beast's right ear was bitten off in one terrible scissors bite. His chest was laid open to the bone Now each Batangas' hoofs were red with the blood of his opponent.

Suddenly, in a moment filled with blood-choked screams, and goaded on by the frenzied lust of the partisan mob, the black animal lunged, rammed out a hoof and buried it mortally deep within the chest of his opponent. The white animal went down upon his haunches, his flanks heaving—every breath like a flowing well, bringing up blood. The next fleeting seconds were horrible.

The black beast, assured victory, reared like a coiled spring and all at once became a jabbing, stabbing machine of death. His feet beat back and forth. Parrying. Cutting. Knifing. Jabbing. His opponent's once white coat was gory and bloodied. But he was fighting back valiantly. But now his once great jaws were useless, for the black Batangas, with one power-packed kneeing, had broken it The defeated · animal cringed, begging mercy, but knowing that death was but a moment away.

While half the crowd, those who had wagered heavily upon the black animal, cried in jubilance and danced about in drunken cel-bration the black animal finished his opponent.

A scream of mixed delight and a heavy groan of defeat welled up from the stands. The umpires rose and declared the winner. Bedlam broke upon the arena. And suddenly, through the savage tumult, my companion, who had bet heavily upon the victor yelled joyously in my direction.

"Did you ever witness such magnificence!"

But I, who had seen, had lowered my head in a fit of violent nausea.

"Fool!" screamed my enraged host. "Lily-livered weakling!"

And he rammed a handful of betel nuts into his blackened, vile mouth.

BRIDES FOR A LONELY ISLE



Tristan da Cunha has a history of pirates, volunteer brides and a life so ideal as to strike envy in the hearts of recognised civilisation.

FRANK MADIGAN

THE whaling schooner pulled into the island of Tristan da Cunha and landed five women on the beach. The girls were volunteers — they were offering themselves as brides to men they had never seen. And the men lined up the girls on the beach and each man selected the lady who appealed most to him.

This was over 100 years ago and the matings were happy ones—and fruitful. The descendants of these people still live on the island, which has been called "The Loneliest Island In The World."

Tristan da Cunha is one of a trinity of islands situated in the South Atlantic 1,500 miles south west of St. Helena. Lying midway between Cape Town and Rio de Janeiro, the nearest mainland is 2,000 miles away.

Its two neighbours, Inaccessible and Nightingale, are not inhabited, and, no doubt, Tristan da Cunha, were he alive, would be astonished to learn that the island named after him has some 200 inhabitants. For, when he discovered Tristan da Cunha, he was not at all impressed by it. In fact, he was so contemptuous of the windswept circle of rock that he paid no attention to it, and it remained unknown for 150 years after his death. To-day, Tristan da Cunha is known throughout the world, and it can claim to be a quite unique British possession.

Like many other small snatches of land, it is really an extinct volcano, its highest point reaching to nearly

WHEN the white man discovered South Africa, the natives were running it. There were no taxes, there was no debt; the women did all the work Yet the white man thought he could improve on a system like that!

8,000 feet. At its summit a crater filled with ice-cold water forms a small lake. It is shaped like a great wheel, 7½ miles in diameter and 24 miles in circumference. It possesses no harbour as the entire coast is exposed to the sea.

It is the foothills which have given the island a history.

Three foothills covered with grass, form a plateau a hundred feet above sea level Thus they provide the inhabitants with essential shelter from the fierce gales which beat about the island at least 300 days in the year In the protection of these hills stand the sturdy stone cottages grouped around the white painted Church of St. Mary. And in this settlement, called Edinburgh, after the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited the island in 1867, live all the inhabitants of the island.

In 1811, an American seamen, Jonathan Lambert, proclaimed to all the world that he had taken possession of the island for himself and his hairs He made the claim in an American newspaper and he sent copies to every European Government Naming the place "The Island of Refreshment," he designed a flag of blue and red diamonds on a white ground

The remoteness and constant supply of fresh water made the island useful to the pirates who haunted the Caribbean Seas. Lambert is reputed to have landed on the island with six companions and a large chest filled with valuable plunder from a successful pirate cruise

Loot and loneliness, however, proved too much for the pirates They quarrelled over the division of the booty, one by one dying violently until only one remained. This was an Italian named Tomaso Corri. He was found there by the British when they took possession of the island in 1816. At that time Napoleon Bonaparte was a prisoner on St. Helena, and although the two islands were divided by nearly 1,500 miles of ocean, the British feared that Tristan da Cunha might be used in an attempt to free the French Emperor.

Tomaso Corri boasted of the riches he knew were buried on the island, mentioning large quantities of silver plate, pearls, diamonds and Spanish gold coins In support of his claim he frequently disappeared into the bush, returning with handfuls of gold coins. Ever since, searches have been made repeatedly for the buried treassure, but so far without success.

The little garrison remained on the island only a few months, returning to Cape Town in 1817. Three men, however, were so pleased with life on the island that they petitioned the Government for permission to remain permanently. This was granted and in this way Corporal William Glass, with his wife and two children, and Burrell and Nankeville stayed to form a thriving colony.

They were soon joined by three men from St. Helena, Swain, Cotten and Riley. They came, somewhat in the manner of Noah, with two sheep, two donkeys, two cattle, two dogs and two geese

One of the three men from St. Helena was Thomas Swain, an ex-sailor, famous because, while serving on the Victory at Trafalgar, he caught Nelson in his arms when he fell mortally wounded But it was William Glass who was elected leader of the community

By 1824, castaways had increased the population to twelve, most of them men. Glass, while insisting on a strong moral code, realised the need of a happy family life if the settlers were to be content and the colony was to have a future.

Consequently he commissioned the captain of a visiting whaling schooner to bring from St. Helena five women who would make suitable wives for his men. The Governor of St Helena selected the five women from many applicants, and the captain of the schooner landed them on Tristan da Cunha on his return visit

About 1850, Rogers and Hagen joined the little community. Forty years later, two Italians named Repetto and Lavarello were shipwrecked on the island They decided to settle there and to marry Tristan girls, and in this way the seven surnames which distinguish the entire community were completed And to this day the inhabitants bear the names of Glass, Green, Hagan, Lavarello, Repetto, Rogers and Swain

Under Glass, the colony prospered, for he organised communal fishing end agriculture and succeeded in raising livestock. By trading with passing whaling ships the islanders met their extra needs

From the sea, however, came several dangers. One of the most serious was the plague of rats which came ashore from the American barquentine Henry B. Paul. These rats have killed off most of the island's birds, and they have proved costly to agriculture Also from the sea came the flies which are a source of constant annoyance. They arrived in the days of the Boer War, on a ship transporting mules.

The sea, too, brought tragedy to the island when, in 1885, most of the young men lost their lives when their boat capsized Fifteen men were drowned, reducing the population of the island to 92, only four married couples remaining. The rest were women and children, but, luckily, ten of them were boys who were just old enough to man the island boats Thus they maintained the supply of fish, the island's main source of food.

The men of the island reveal a remarkable skill in handling their boats, which are constructed from odds and ends of wood, the frames being covered with canvas. The large boats are 21 feet long, and the dinghies are about 16 feet, but both types are frail, particularly as they operate in a region where gales and high winds are constant.

In these boats they visit the neighbouring islands, Nightingale and Inaccessible. They are some 20 miles south-west of Tristan and ten miles apart. On Inaccessible is to be found the Atlantisia, the smallest of the non-flying birds. This is the "island cock", to-day found nowhere else in the world, and it lives in dense tussock grass through which it makes a maze of tunnels

The men of the island of Tristan have displayed such ability in fishing that a South African fishing company has established a canning factory, mainly for crayfish for America. The

company provides an expert to run a community farm, a non-profit store, a doctor, a nurse and a teacher.

A hard working islander can now earn £2 a day handling the long-boats in the rough seas that buffet the gale-swept isle. To these people money is practically a novelty, all their previous trading having been done by barter. The community spirit is so highly developed that the store, itself an innovation, is unable to sell scarce commodities. Unless there is enough for all, an item cannot be sold. Mrs. Botha, who recently spent eighteen months in charge of the store, gave the reason for this unique state of affairs. "If one got something and there wasn't enough for others," she said, "it would be considered favoritism."

Money and a few other items regarded as indispensable to civilization were first introduced to the island by Surgeon Lieut.-Commander E. J. S. Woolley, R.N.V.R. He was appointed Governor of Tristan da Cunha in 1942, when it was advantageous to the British Navy to have a radio and meteorological station on the island in the war against the Japs. The station provided the Cape and ships in the Indian Ocean with valuable weather reports.

The station was manned by men of the Meteorological Section of the South African Air Force, and by a construction party of the South African Engineering Corps and Union Defence Volunteers. A garrison was built, and sufficient cattle and sheep were herded to maintain a plentiful supply of fresh meat.

At first, when the islanders provided labour, they were paid with chits which could be exchanged for provisions at the Naval Stores. As the system proved clumsy to operate, Lieut.-Commander Woolley asked for some money, and £3,000 in British and South African currency arrived at the island.

Said the Commander: "I explained its use to the islanders and the principles of banking through the Post Office Savings Bank and stressed the desirability of saving for after the war. They picked up the idea very quickly and we had a most successful savings campaign conducted in simple language."

After the war England set aside her latest acquisition for the Royal Navy. The Admiralty decided to commission the island as a ship, with Lieut.-Commander Woolley as the Commanding Officer. On January 15, 1944, the island was named H.M.S. Atlantic Isle, the christening ceremony being performed by the Commander's wife, using a champagne bottle filled with fruit salts. And, in 1950, Hugh Elliot, with twelve years' experience in Tanganyika, was appointed the first Colonial Office Administrator.

Tristan da Cunha, in spite of its flies and rats, is amazingly healthy. Visitors report that there is an absence of all infectious diseases, and it appears that people die only as the result of old age or accident. Toothache is unknown, and one man of eighty has a perfect set of teeth and has never had a twinge of toothache in his life.

The colony is completely loyal to England, and speech preserves the dialect spoken by Wellington's troopers who first made the island their home. The dress is that of a century ago, the women still favouring ankle-length dresses.

Tristan da Cunha, in fact, has a simplicity and security which cannot fail to arouse envy in those who inhabit a much more complex and unsafe world.



One of the interesting religious groups in U.S.A. is the Negro flock of Rabbi Matthews.

ALBERT ABARBANEL

THE BLACK HEBREWS OF THE U.S.A.



THEY are black people but insist they are not Negroes. They call themselves Africans or Afro-Americans of Ethiopian and Hebrew ancestry. Most of them live in New York City and, according to their story, they are the direct descendants of Abraham and thus the only remaining true Hebrews. Their white brethren, they say, are merely members of the lost tribes of Israel.

This Negro-Jewish cult clings to the most orthodox of Hebrew rites and strict dietary laws. They will not work on the Sabbath nor compromise in any way with their faith.

For many years these "Black Hebrews" have been unorganised and worshipped in small scattered groups. They found a leader, organiser and teacher in the Reverend Dr. Wentworth Arthur Matthew, a West Indian Negro with a thorough theological training. To-day he heads the Harlem branch of the "Commandment Keepers Congregation of the Living God," with its 800 members. At the same time, however, he is the Chief Rabbi of all the "true Hebrews on the western Hemisphere." After his own estimate he is the spiritual shepherd of more than 150,000 Black Jews scattered all over America. Most of them are now united in the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews, The Sons and Daughters of Culture."

Their members are mostly small tradesmen, artisans and factory workers who will spend a great part of their income to further their faith. All of them have one great aim: they want to become independent from the outside world so that they can follow their orthodox faith and its demands.

The Harlem "Commandment Keepers" for instance, have energetically done something about it. Under a rigid plan they have built up a few co-operatives, own jointly stationary stores, laundries and other business enterprises. In Farmingdale, Long Island, they have bought a number of small farms which they cultivate. With their pennies and dollars they established a home for their old people. Their method is simple. Out of their meagre wages they save what they can. Once every three months they have a special meeting and pool their savings. Then they buy a home in the name of a new member.

On Friday, Saturday, and all holidays, they gather in one congregation for their services. Their temple in Harlem's Lennox Avenue is still not much to look at, but it is a far cry from the 8 x 12 basement in which Rabbi Matthew started the "Commandment Keepers" with eleven worshippers in 1919. Two typical Harlem railroad apartments have been remodelled into a wide, long room with many windows painted to simulate coloured glass. Beside the Star of David there is the cross and the crown of Jesus Christ. Between large pictures of a bearded, black man whom we recognise as Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, are blackboards with Hebrew and Arabic letters. They serve the children who attend the "Talmud Torah," the Hebrew schools, conducted by the congregation. Chairs of all shapes and sizes fill the room and benches surround an old upright piano. Somewhere hidden in the corner is a guitar, a tambourine, cymbals, and a saxophone. They have a biblical right to these instruments, they say. The "Kynor" is their saxophone, the guitar the "Newel," and the tambourine the biblical "Tupim" according to the Old Testament.

A pulpit stands before a maroon drapery, lavishly embroidered with Hebrew letters, which covers the shrine with the scrolls of the Jewish scriptures.

Let us join the Negro worshippers in a typical service. It is Friday and the light of the day has given way to the dusk of the night. The women and men sit apart, a crowd of impatient youngsters on the sidelines. The choir, dressed in white, flowing robes takes its place around the piano. The men have donned their small, black prayer caps and white prayer shawls, the women have covered their heads with multi-coloured bandanas. The "Bishop" has taken his place before the Holy Scrolls, flanked by the bearded elders of the Congregation. He reads from the Scriptures in fluent Hebrew, the brethren reading the responses from Jewish prayer books. But most of them know the texts by heart.

The music begins slowly in a measured, hymnical tempo. A first verse is sung by the choir, a second one and then the congregation joins. The tempo becomes faster and faster. A tambourine, a guitar, and a saxophone soon join the rhythm which rises to a quick-step.

Bodies began to sway and hands begin to clap. A large woman rises from her chair and beats the tempo with her feet. Soon all others join in. There will be shouts, "Hallelujah, Praise the Lord" until the Chief Rabbi raises his hands.

Youngsters and old men mount the pulpit and read a verse or two in Hebrew with the sonorous voices of their race. Then the Bishop begins to pray for the President, the Congress and the congregation. In Hebrew he will recite the ten Commandments. The cantor, Rabbi Wilkins, chants the ancient rituals. And then there are many hymns, sung by the brethren with the loudest of enthusiasm until Dr. Matthew begins to preach.

"Don't ever submit to being called a Negro," Bishop Matthew began while his congregation looked up to him as if he were a miracle man. "You are not Negroes. The Negro, so called, has no history prior to the

14th century And when that history began it began in bondage, poverty, humiliation and degradation. As Africans you have a glorious history You are the direct descendants of great kings. You are the proudest people because you are the proudest Hebrews.

"The black man is a Jew because he is a direct descendant of Abraham Isaac, son of Abraham, was the father of Esau, whose skin was hairy like the white man's and of Jacob whose skin was smooth like the black man's And Jacob was also known as Israel He was the father of the 12 tribes King Solomon, son of David, was a great-grandson of the Tribe of Judah He mated with the Queen of Sheba who returned to Africa where she bore him a son known in Biblical history as Menelik I"

The members of the congregation nodded There were some shouts "The Emperor Haile Selassie is the King of Kings the son of Judah," Rabbi Matthew continued, getting more and more excited with his own theory "When Menelik was 13 years old he was sent to Palestine to be confirmed And at the age of 24 his father sent him to Ethiopia for he wanted that country colonised. It should become a part of the great King Solomon Empire That house has ruled continuously in Ethiopia for 3,000 odd years There has been an unbroken succession of 613 kings from Menelik I, to the present Emperor That is the reason that I say to you, all genuine Jews are black men Whether white people want to admit it or not, the Bible was written around the darker races of the world

"Where is the first white person mentioned in the Bible?" he challenges his congregation "In the 12th chapter of Numbers," they answer in unison "That is right" shouts the Rabbi "Following the marriage of Moses to Hagar the bondswoman, Mariam, the wife of Aaron laughed at her and was cursed by the Lord. The Bible reads, She turned leprous, white as snow"

I asked him the logical question "But why then are the Ethiopians, including the Royal House, Christians belonging to the Coptic Church?' Dr Matthew gave his answer without a moment's consideration "The Coptic Church of Ethopia," he said, 'is only 1600 years old I have not been able to trace any written records containing reasons for this change but I personally believe that this was done to appease the Christian powers and gain their co-operation The Coptic Church of Ethiopia has always accepted as a fact that all Ethiopians are of Hebrew stock."

When Chief Rabbi Arthur Matthew came to Harlem he had a hard time "The white Hebrews said that I was a faker," he reminisces "The black people burlesqued me and laughed at the idea that they were really Jews"

In his 25 years of struggle, however the little wiry, pitch-black, bearded man of 54, an image of Emperor Haile Selassie has shown amazing foresight and energy He first united all the Jewish movement among the Negroes of Harlem, and gradually took in other sects throughout the nation Another sect, headed by a "Bishop" Josiah Ford, claiming to be a Moslem, competed with Rabbi Matthew's "Commandment Keepers" His following, however, joined with them in 1932, when their own leader left this country for Ethiopia,

No greater crime could be committed by a member of the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews" than intermarriage with non-Jews or whites The prayers for the dead are said for such transgressors

Bishop Matthew himself married an Ethiopian Jewess He is the father of three sons who have all served with the Armed Forces, "and have remained orthdox Hebrews all the way," as he proudly points out His One daughter is the musical director of the Harlem Congregation

The Bishop's grandfather was a West Indian slave, known only by the name of Cornelius He was freed a hundred years or so ago under the British Act of Emancipation Frances, his daughter, married a Lagos black Hebrew, Ben Yehuda Working steadily for a family named Matthew he became known, as was customary, under that name After his death the mother, with 5 year old Wentworth, emigrated to the Isle of Guadeloupe and later to St Kitts A carpenter by trade, the youngster moved to New York City

Twenty-one years old and yearning for the return to his old faith—his mother was non-Jewish — the carpenter worked at his trade while studying theology at the Haydem Theological Seminary and the Bish Ecclesiastical School For his Hebrew studies he changed to the Rose of Sharon Theological Seminary of Cincinnati, then the only theological school of Black Jews in the Western Hemisphere. After advanced courses at the famed Union Theological Seminary of White Hebrews he returned to New York City to organize the first small congregation of the "Commandment Keepers" His profound knowledge of Hebrew theology resulted in a scholarship to the University of Berlin, the only black Rabbi who ever studied there. In 1927, he reorganized his flock in Harlem as the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews."

Inspection trips throughout the Americas have convinced the Chief Rabbi that his flock of Black Jews is steadily growing Recently he visited the little known "Indian Hebrews" in Mexico, descendants of victims of persecution 350 years ago, who intermarried with those Indian tribes who sheltered them "They are good Jews," the Bishop says, "but we Commandment Keepers are the only genuine Black Hebrews We keep the Commandments from A to Z"



"And in French it's 'non,' in German it's 'nein,' in Russian it's 'niet.'"

Give a Girl a Break!



A collector in New York has the largest collection of fiendish torture instruments used in the Middle Ages. He delights in showing these instruments to sightseers and his delight when he gets a lovely subject like Cindy Heller, is fiendish. Yes, sir? A necklace for the lady, sir? This is ideal. She will never forget you.

Now, if your lady is in need of slimming, what is better than kneading with a rolling pin? And this spiked roller is just the thing for getting off surplus fat. Shredded backs in three minutes. This is giving Cindy Hell-er

Indian fakirs would love this. But there is no fake about these spikes. Idea is to lie on the bed of spikes and pull the counterpane over for warmth. The counterpane is the quilted lid at present against the wall. Hardly a feather bed, but doesn't it tickle you to death?



Baring her back to the birch, Cindy takes a beating. That birch is made of strands of iron and it leaves a lovely birchmark. In the background is the Iron Maiden. She is an engaging wench—hollow, with iron spikes inside the door. When the door is closed, you get complete privacy — with your ancestors.

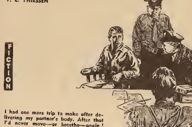
At last he is giving the girl a break. And is he putting the screws on! We've often clamped our eyes onto girls' legs, but this has us out on a limb. This instrument has covered a multitude of shins.

Now he's going higher on a limb. We brand cattle so that there is no argument about ownership. Might be a good idea to adopt the Middle Ages custom of branding our girls for the same reason. Trouble is, with the brand so high on the thigh, we'd have to see the girls in swimming costumes, in order to identify them. Could be something in that!

CORPSE ON DELIVERY

V. E. THIESSEN

FICTION



I had one more trip to make after delivering my partner's body. After that I'd never move—or breathe—again!

I'D NAMED the truck Suzie, and she was big and heavy and not too easy to stop. At first I figured that was what caused all my trouble, but it turned out to be something considerably more serious

I was rolling down First Street with a load of Colonel Pittman's furniture on the truck when the traffic light turned amber I was right at the light, and the load was pretty heavy, so I figured to barrel right on through I stepped on the gas, and I was all the way across before the light turned red

Four blocks later the siren screamed at me, and I pulled over to the curb for the police car. It parked in front of me and two policemen walked back toward me I was a little surprised to see two of them come back on a traffic violation

I recognised one of them as a man I'd seen before, but not a traffic beat. His name was O'Brian, and I'd seen him on the programme at the policeman's benefit He had sung a duet with his daughter She was a lovely girl with a lovely voice, and O'Brian himself had a fine clear Irish tenor His "Mother Machree" had been a show stopper He was a small man, short and solidly built, with a face that ran to freckless, and a head that had run out of hair some years back, and was beginning to run to freckles, too But when he spoke to me he wasn't using his singing voice This voice was as cold and unpersonal as metal



"Let's see your driving licence"

I handed it over I started to ask, "What's the beef?" and decided not to I'd run that amber light I knew it, and they knew it, and they knew I knew it, so what was the use? Just get the ticket, and take the furniture on out to Colonel Pittman's house That was the smart thing.

O'Brian asked "You the one listed here? You Jack Brindell?"

"Yes, sir."

"This your truck?"

"Mine and my partner's"

O'Brian looked at me while the other cop hovered respectfully in the background. "Your partner?" He had a question mark in his voice.

"Yeah Brindell and Haley, Movers We own this truck and another one Right now we're moving some furniture to a rental house for Colonel Pittman."

"Who's he?"

"Search me. Some Army officer that just got back from Japan I was a sergeant myself last war I got the habit of not asking colonels a lot of questions"

He said, "Yes" Not like he thought it was funny, and not like he thought it was corny, just "Yes," like I hadn't even spoken He handed me the licence. "Drive this truck down to police headquarters," he ordered

Surprised, I squawked at him, "Now, wait a minute Give me a ticket if you have to, but let me get this load rolling."

O'Brian looked at me like I didn't exist He said "I'm not kidding and I'm not arguing Get going, mister"

I got going

At police headquarters they took me into a private office. O'Brian was there, and another cop, and a man in plainclothes They started right in asking me questions and I began to realise there was something more than a traffic violation here

O'Brian said, "Brindell and Haley, huh? Tell me about the business you run"

"Not much to it After the war Haley and I got a G.I. loan, bought two war surplus two and a half ton trucks, and went into the moving business"

"What do you move?"

"Anything," I told him. "Furniture, mostly."

"Don't you need a van for that?"

"Not for short hauls Of course if we have a house load, it will take several trips We couldn't move furniture from one town to another"

"How long have you known Haley?"

"Three years," I said But I thought, uh, huh, now you're beginning to tip your hand Haley's got into trouble maybe hauling something that shouldn't be hauled Maybe slot machines or something like that My mind wrestled with that a moment, remembering Haley The trouble with him was the war was over and he couldn't adjust He was the kind of guy that had to take damn fool chances In the war, that had got him a decoration, but now we were back, I had to watch him or he'd take unnecessary risks, even criminal risks. The guy had to have danger, and with no war to fight, there was left only the law If I'd been starting this business again, I'd never have picked out Wes Haley as a partner

"What kind of partner is he?"

"Wes is okay," I said I didn't think there was any use washing dirty linen before O'Brian.

"You two get on pretty well?"

"Most of the time We have the usual business disagreements, nothing serious."

O'Brian said, "The way I hear it you quarrelled pretty violently now and then Where's Haley now?"

I frowned, pretending to think about the question Actually I was wondering what the darn fool had got us into and just what I should say I couldn't see any reason not to tell the truth

"He ought to be back in the office He was to meet me there"

"Would you ring him up? We'd like to ask him a question or two" O'Brian handed me the telephone

I dialled. They were all watching me, and whatever it was, they must have figured I was in it with Haley I dialled, and his telephone rang and rang It rang steadily, shrilly, and it began to give me the creeps the way they were watching me while I heard that telephone ringing in an empty office.

"He's not there," I told them

"When did he tell you he'd be at the office?"

"He was going right there from Colonel Pittman's house, the one we were putting the furniture in He'd almost emptied the first load of stuff when I drove up with the second He helped me with the unloading so we could let the swampers go There was only some light stuff left that I could handle alone I went after it and Baley said that he would go back to the office"

"Was Colonel Pitman there at the house?"

"No He had been there but he left befoie I did"

"Anyone else there when you left?"

'Yes An insurance man, Guy Lassiter," '

"Haley and Lassiter were there?"

"That's right"

There was a knock on the door O'Brian opened it, and I could hear a faint whisper of conversation Then the policeman who had been outside came in He carried a thick newspaper, folded the long way three times.

On the top of the newspaper lay a hammer He carried it like it was an egg.

O'Brian said, "Take a look at this hammer. Do you recognize it?"

I took a look It was the hammer out of Haley's truck On the head was a dark, a scummy stain that looked like blood, and a few hairs

I was sick inside, shocked and sick I thought, He's killed somebody! That damned fool Haley has killed somebody!

I said, "I'm not sure We had a couple hammers a lot like that"

O'Brian said, "Maybe this fact will make you remember We just pulled it out of the back of your truck, from under some furniture padding"

I stared at him, my mouth open like a fish's, my mind writhing, trying to understand

He said, "Come along. We've got something else to show you" His voice was still polite, but his eyes were as bright as an animal's

We rode in the police car They kept on asking me questions as we rode, and I answered them like a man in a dream My mind was numb, knocked out

"Who is this Lassiter?"

"He handles our insurance"

"You carry quite a bit of insurance?" asked O'Brian casually

"We have to. We hire swampers to help handle heavy stuff, and there's always a chance one of them will get hurt. Couple of months ago we had a guy fall with a refrigerator and crack his back If we hadn't had fifty thousand worth of liability insurance we'd be broke now"

"And Lassiter was the man who handled your liability insurance?"

"That's right"

"And you left the two of them together, Haley and Lassiter?"

"I told you that," I wondered why he kept harping on it It must have been Lassiter, I thought Wes had a fight with Lassiter and killed him Then I thought about it a moment and knew that was impossible If that were so, how had Wes put the hammer with blood on it into my truck? And why had he put it there?

The last question scared me I refused to think about that

We rolled up in front of Colonel Pittman's house

The house was a red brick with an odd-coloured, green-blue wood trim It looked like about a five-room house from the front but actually it went back deep on the lot and was a pretty good-sized six-room Colonel Pittman didn't live there This was just some investment property that he figured to rent furnished He'd brought a lot of furniture back from Japan, carved teak and such, and was cleaning out this older stuff into the rental house

We went up a cracked concrete walk A policeman stood at the door there appeared to be another inside

We went inside The body of a man lay on a half unrolled red rug The top of his head was caved in and there were stains on the rug He'd taken his last fatal chance and danger had finally won Death had taken this gambler's trick

It was Wes. I knew as I stared at him, almost sick, that I'd been way off base in my figuring. My head whirled, and there was a ringing fear in my mind, and then suddenly I remembered what it was

I recalled the telephone ringing in Haley's empty office The police had known he was dead then O'Brian had stared at me all the time I called up Haley and let the telephone ring They had watched me calling a dead man. And then, after that, they had found the murder weapon in my truck. My back began to crawl.

But how could that be? How could I have left Haley alive and driven toward Colonel Pittman's with the murder weapon in my truck? I tried to remember if anyone had passed me in a car who might have thrown the hammer inside And then I remembered that they had found the hammer under some padding

It was impossible It couldn't be true But Haley didn't know that He lay with his brains spilling on Colonel Pittman's rug, and I couldn't keep from seeing him wherever I turned, and hearing that telephone ringing in an empty room

O'Brian said, "How about it Brindell? You got any more to tell us?"

My throat was too tight to speak I just shook my head to say no

That seemed to wrap up the questions They put me back in the police car and we drove back to police headquarters Nobody said anything We just sat there like a bunch of zombies I asked once just where they'd found the hammer in my truck, but the question was ignored It looked like I was getting some kind of psychological treatment

When we came into headquarters, a sergeant of police handed O'Brian a typed sheaf of papers and said, "Here's that report you wanted. The equipment is on the way"

O'Brian said, "Sure, sergeant Now see that they hop to it, will you?"

The sergeant said, "Right, Captain," and left us

O'Brian said, "Come on into my office, son"

We went into his office This wasn't the same room where they had questioned me This was just a small, plain office, as clean and functional as a hospital The sign on the door told me that O'Brian was a captain of homicide

O'Brian said, "Sit down" He read the sheaf of papers swiftly, competently, then he frowned at his desk top before he looked at me

He said, "This is a complete report on you, Brindell, or at least as complete as we could get in a few hours You had an excellent war record, are well thought of by your acquaintances You don't seem like a hammer killer"

I began to feel easier

Then O'Brian's voice hardened "But then, most killers don't seem to be out of the ordinary. I might as well tell you that it looks like you murdered your partner. Opportunity and circumstantial evidence would convict you But so far we haven't got a motive So, I'm going to give you a break I'm going to look around a bit more before I arrest you Don't leave town, and don't do anything foolish Better face it right now You're in trouble, son"

"Yeah," I almost whispered "I know"

I should have felt better, since they were letting me walk out of there, and I'd never believed they would But I wasn't kidding myself any The only reason they hadn't held me was that they didn't have a motive Sure, Haley and I had had some violent disagreements, but none for a week or so, and they might not even know about that

I got the truck from where they were holding it A policeman was standing beside it, and I told him "Captain O'Brian said I could take the truck now"

The guard said, "They told me" He watched me get into the truck and roll out onto the street, his eyes placid and uninterested

I gunned the truck I didn't want a ticket, but I did go over the speed limit a few miles I wanted to get home I wanted to think, because I didn't have much time left In a few hours, or a day at the most, they were going to find out that Haley and I had life insurance on each other Thank goodness it wasn't with Lassiter's company. If Lassiter had handled life insurance, they'd have known by now And when they found out — I could see myself being tried and found guilty Open and shut, that's what it was

I wheeled up in front of my apartment, my mind still buzzing so that logical reasoning wasn't possible I walked in and sat down in an easy chair, my back as straight as a bed slat, and stared across at the piano without seeing it

I couldn't relax, and I couldn't

think until I quit being scared.

Finally, I went over to the piano and began to play. I liked to fool with a piano, and now, just letting my fingers wander, some of the tension began to leave me and I could force my mind to remember all the events of the day

If Colonel Pittman had discovered the body, they must have given him the same sort of grilling they had given me He might even have been there at the time I was I began to wonder if it were possible for him to have slipped that bloody hammer into the truck while they were questioning me, and before the police had gone over the truck It was possible, at least in theory

That would mean that he must have a reason to kill Haley It would be too far-fetched unless they had known each other before I tried to remember whether Haley had mentioned any colonels during our Army time We'd served in the same outfit for about a year, then Haley was wounded and I didn't see him till I got out of the Service

But I did remember something he'd said about an officer who'd got rich on black market deals Haley had been pretty bitter about that once It seemed to me that the officer had been a colonel

Could Pittman be the man? Could Wesley have tried to blackmail him and been killed for that reason?

It sounded thin Still, it was a way to start I broke off in the middle of playing a song and got my hat

As I went out the door, I realized I'd been playin "Mother Macree" Even subconsciously, I couldn't get O'Brian out of my mind He had a fine voice, and I wondered grimly if I should ask him to sing at my hanging

The house in which Colonel Pittman lived was away out on the edge

of town in one of the fashionable districts It was a big, new buff brick with wide, sloping, brown-stained eaves, and an acre or more of green Bermuda grass that was as thick and smooth as a Chinese carpet all the way down to the street The house looked like money, a lot of money and care and good taste all mixed together I walked up and rang the doorbell, and I could hear one of those expensive chimes ringing inside There were five tones to the chimes — Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! — and at the last note a woman opened the door

She looked like the house, like a lot of money and good taste She had a figure that was strictly first-class, poured into some kind of a silk dress, and she looked at you out of deep blue eyes They reminded you of a pool. I don't know just how to analyze it, but she had more than class She had that something that makes all men throw out their chests and wonder if their tie is straight or their bald spot shows

She said, "Yes?" in an inquiring, throaty voice

"I'm Jack Brindell, your mover Are you Mrs Pittman?"

"Yes"

"Is the colonel at home?"

"No. What is it, please?"

I stared at the bottom of the door "You've heard what happened?"

"Yes" Her voice was soft, comforting "Your partner, wasn't it?"

"Yes" I had to make conversation get into the house Maybe I could find out about the colonel's background from her, I said, "I wanted to talk to Colonel Pittman about the stain on the rug"

Her eyes pitied me "The cleaners will take care of it If not, it doesn't matter But please come in, Mr. Brindell"

She held the door open as I went past her. She leaned slightly, to get out of my way, and the silk dress stretched tightly over her hips. They were as smooth as Delilah's. She looked good—good enough to be a murder motive.

Haley had been a good-looking man, and the colonel was a bit older than either of them. I wondered if I had stumbled onto something.

I asked, "Your husband knew Haley during the war, didn't he?"

She frowned, thinking. "I don't think so. He never mentioned it."

"How'd he happen to pick us to do this moving job?"

"He saw your advertisement in the evening paper. No, I'm sure they weren't acquainted." She looked at me again. "Can I get you a drink?"

"No, thanks!"

"Coffee, then? It's been a hard day, I know. Do you realize how your hands are shaking?"

I hadn't. "Coffee would be fine," I told her.

Thirty minutes later, I left. Maybe she was clever enough to fool me, but I really didn't believe she was the kind of woman to carry on an affair behind her husband's back.

And then I remembered O'Brian's remark about murderers. When I stopped to think I supposed an adulteress would look just like anyone else too. So there was I, right where I started, with time running out.

I got an idea, then, a wild, desperate idea. Suppose I went to O'Brian and told him about the insurance. Suppose I saved them a day or so to ferret out the information. O'Brian looked like a square guy. Maybe he'd give me a couple of days to try to find who had framed me. He could put a cop to tail me so I wouldn't get out of town. And if I ran, that would convict me for sure.

It was a pretty desperate idea but I had to try something. I glanced at my wrist watch. It was almost supper time. O'Brian would be going home. I'd have to call him at home. I figured I might as well eat. It might be the last good meal I'd get in a long while.

I had steak. I've enjoyed meals more but at least I had steak. Then I found O'Brian's home address in the telephone directory and drove out to see him.

It was almost dark when I got there, but not too dark to see that O'Brian had a nice home too. It wasn't large, just a plain six-room stone, but the yard was as carefully tended as Pittman's, and there was a bunch of yellow climbing roses in front that perfumed the air. I rang the bell and Nancy O'Brian opened the door.

When I had seen her on the stage at the policeman's benefit with her father, I had thought she looked nice, almost like a movie star. But seen up close, at home, all the glamour was gone. She must have been doing the dishes, for she had on a little frilled plastic apron with gold threads.

Her face was scrubbed, and obviously just between the new and the old makeup, for there wasn't a trace of rouge or lipstick. Her hair was dark, swept back off her forehead, and she'd thrust one of those yellow roses into her hair. The shape of her face was good, every bit as good as that of the colonel's wife. She looked at me out of grey Irish eyes and said, "Hello" in a voice that was warm and friendly and wholly natural.

I thought: Remember this, Jack. **If you get out of this trouble, remember this. This is something you've been searching for, a long time.** I smiled back at her and asked to see her father.

She asked me in, and she had the sense to leave us alone without any hints or a word from her father. Looking at O'Brian there in his home, and seeing his plain, freckled Irish face, I didn't think of him as a cop any more, and I forgot to be scared. He might have been my own dad, the one that I lost when I was ten years old. I talked to him. I told him about the insurance and about all my wild speculation and visit to Colonel Pittman's house.

He said, "We found out about the insurance late this afternoon. There's a pick up order out for you. Did you know that?"

"No!"

He looked at me keenly. "I'm inclined to believe you. If you did know and came here with that story, you're a lot smarter and more of a crook than I figure you are. Suppose you wait here a moment while I go and telephone the office. Maybe there's something new!" He lifted his voice, calling "Nancy, give this young feller a cup of coffee while he's waiting."

He took a long time but I didn't mind, sitting there talking to Nancy I told her how her dad reminded me of mine, and she got around to telling me that she'd lost her mother at about the same age It gave us a sort of a bond She made good coffee too, the kind a fellow needs at breakfast time I had to pull my thoughts back sharply They were getting away ahead of themselves

O'Brian came back He said, "Nothing new, son, but I've decided to give you a chance to turn up something in the next twenty-four hours Suppose we go over it again, just to be sure we haven't missed anything."

We went over it again. Nancy was gone, and now the old horror began to seep back. No matter if I had won a twenty-four hour reprieve, things were black against me And then, the last time through, I remembered something

"Lassiter!" I said "Just before I left the house after the last load, he leaned against the truck He had his briefcase. He could have hidden the hammer there and dropped it off into my truck under the padding That would have put it down at the very bottom of the load when you found it"

"But you said Haley was still alive, that he called to you from inside the house as you were leaving"

"I thought he did Somebody called my name. But a shout coming from an empty house is hard to recognize Then Lassiter came out and told me that Haley wanted to tell me that he would go on to the office. But now that I think of it, Lassiter could have been both voices"

O'Brian's face had been friendly up until now Now it began to harden in some subtle way He lashed out with a quick Irish temper. "Was

that why you came here? To plant a story like that at the last minute? You may be cleverer than I figured, cleverer and harder." His eyes bored harshly into mine. "And why would Lassiter have killed him?"

"I—I—" I was stammering in confusion under this sudden change "I don't know why"

'All right." O'Brian got up, a compact bundle of controlled fury "I promised you twenty-four hours, and I'll keep my word But get going, and I hope for your sake you can turn up some real evidence. Now get out of here"

I got out. As I pulled away from the house, a car followed me. It didn't surprise me Even when O'Brian half believed me, he had phoned to put a tail on me. He'd done that while I was drinking coffee with Nancy, and I couldn't blame him But I wished I hadn't blurted out that sudden idea about Lassiter. I couldn't blame O'Brian. It sounded bad, like I was changing my story, and it made my whole visit seem like just an excuse to slip in that idea. But I knew things could have happened that way, and more than that, they must have happened that way.

I began to get another idea or two, an idea that began to make sense. I drove home and called Lassiter on the telephone I said, "Could you come over, Guy? I've got an insurance problem Something that deals with an old case, the employee with the cracked back You remember?"

His voice sounded odd or maybe I just wanted it to sound that way. He said, "I'll be right over."

While I was waiting I sat down at the piano and began to play. It was beginning to come clear now what must have happened The only thing was that just knowing wasn't enough

I had to find a way to get proof. Maybe I was wrong to stampede Lassiter like this, and maybe I could confirm my idea Anyhow, there wasn't time to play it cagey

He arrived in about twenty minutes I didn't offer him a drink, just settled him in a chair and started in on him

I said, "I've some reason to believe that the fellow with the back injury, the one that fell while moving a refrigerator, was an insurance swindler You recall your company paid him forty thousand dollars. I wondered what you wanted to do about it"

He asked, "What makes you think it was a swindle?"

"Never mind that," I kept bluffing "The thing is, there may be others Have you paid off on other policies with industrial firms?"

He said carefully, "I don't know There may have been one or two"

I said, "Then I'd suggest you take it up with your company Maybe if they compare the descriptions of the injured persons and all the X-rays, they may find they've paid off on the same X-ray more than once"

He said, "I'll sure have it checked on. Thanks a lot, Jack Was that all you wanted?"

"Yeah,' I said "That's all But just to make sure I'll write to the company too That ought to help you get action"

He whirled "Damn you!" he shot out "You're wise"

"Yeah And Haley was wise too That's why you killed him"

"Wise, hell! He was in on that one Then he got too big for his britches"

"And you thought you could hang it on me Now what are you going to do?"



"You ought to be glad I'm not out nights sweeping other women off their feet."

I hadn't really thought about that question, or I wouldn't have asked it.

He stared at me and his voice grew husky. He said, "I'll do what I did before." He took a gun out of his pocket.

It was funny I'd never thought of a gun. He hadn't used one on Haley, and I just hadn't thought that when I dropped that hint on the telephone I was inviting him to bring one along. He was across the room, and we were both seated. He could shoot me before I was out of my chair.

I said, "There's a cop waiting outside, one that's been tailing me. You'll get caught this time sure."

He considered that, then he grinned. "Thanks for telling me," he said. "The gun isn't registered. I'll shoot you up close, and put it in your hand." He stood up and levelled the gun. "Get up and come here!"

I was scared; there isn't any word for how scared I was. I started to do what he wanted, but I was talking all the time I got out of the chair.

"You can't shoot me from that far away, and I'm going to yell 'murder!' in a moment, loud. That will keep you from getting away with it." I began to walk toward him.

I don't know whether I would have yelled or not. I didn't have time. The gun roared. My heart jumped once, and I wondered how long it would take to feel that I'd been hit. Then I realized that Lassiter was staring at an empty hand, and it was bleeding onto the rug.

A voice from the window said, "Hold it now!" And other voices sounded at the door. O'Brian came in, stepping lively, and the patrolman beside him carried a gun at the ready position. The other policeman, the one outside the window, had fired the single shot.

O'Brian said, "Take him away!" They took him, and O'Brian and I stood staring at each other.

"I don't get it," I stammered. "I knew you had me followed and I was trying to figure out how to signal the cop outside. How'd you get here?"

O'Brian said, "We had a microphone in there and a tape recorder, and a man in the next apartment. We knew everything you did or said."

I stared at him. "I didn't think you could do that—I mean . . ."

O'Brian said, "It's a ticklish thing, the invasion of private life by the police. If we make a mistake, it could cost me my job. But we had all the evidence on you except motive, and I'll risk my job to catch a crook any time."

I said slowly, "Since it saved my life I can't very well complain, can I?"

O'Brian's face broke suddenly into a smile. "I hoped you'd feel that way." He wasn't a cop any more, just a nice guy. He said, "You play a mean piano. Maybe you'd play for me sometime?"

"I'll accompany you if you'll sing. Name the day." I grinned back at him.

He said, "Sunday dinner and bring your own music." He turned away and I stopped him at the door.

"Your daughter sings too," I said. "I'd like to accompany her."

He turned and looked at me and through me, and he knew I wasn't talking about music. And when he answered, he wasn't talking about my piano—I hoped.

He said, "I guess she could do worse. See you Sunday, son."

GIANT KILLER

D. L. CHAMPION

FICTION



Sealed Lips McGanigle opened his mouth and put his own coffin in it!

THE quarter of the city where McGonigle was born and bred was not noted for subtlety. Its wit was obscene and obvious—its irony laid on with a trowel. The nickname, Sealed Lips, which it had bestowed on McGonigle, was one of its neater efforts

McGonigle, it was whispered in the local saloons, had begun talking volubly at the age of fourteen months when he announced loudly that he could drink more lacteal heverage than any other infant on the block. He had been boasting ever since

At seventeen the fact that he could not refrain from taking drunken and stentorian credit for a candy-store robbery had landed him in the reformatory

When twenty months later, he returned to his former haunts he had changed physically He was leaner, sharper eyed and the lines of his mouth were more tightly set Vocally, he had not changed at all His voice was loud and constant

During the next eight years, Sealed Lips McGonigle committed a score of robberies and three cold blooded killings He served a two year term on one count, obtained a hung jury on another and on four occasions managed to frighten witnesses into hiding Once he gained a suspended sentence and once a moronic jury acquitted him outright

Through it all he talked

Naturally, there came a day when he talked too much Though, considering everything it came later in his life than anyone expected

A gasoline station attendant was murdered during a hold-up The man was armed and apparently had drawn his gun on the robber The police found an automatic gripped in the dead man's hand; they also found a misshapen bullet in his skull and a rifled safe

Four hours after the first editions hit the streets, McGonigle began to act like a fourth rate actor displaying his scrap book He bowed in all directions at once and took sole credit for the job

He kept right on talking as a stool-pigeon exsinuated himself from the bar-room and he was still talking when the police arrived to take him in Moreover, he did not shut up when Ballistice demonstrated that the murder bullet had been fired from a thirty-eight which came to light in a battered bureau drawer of McGonigle's furnished room.

If he was apprehensive during his trial, no reporter remarked it He revelled in the publicity He posed for the photographs like a Congressman and issued interviews to the press which drove his lawyers to shrill and futile protest

He smirked when he was sentenced to the chair and promptly signed a contract to relate his life story to a newspaper syndicate who was more addicted to comic strips than news

Two months later when Detective-sergeant Heyworth escorted him to Grand Central Station the larynx of Sealed Lips McGonigle remained unimpaired

They sat in a worn green plush day coach, McGonigle's right hand chained to Heyworth's left As was his custom, Heyworth discreetly dropped his top coat over the handcuffs which held them together McGonigle grinned and shook the coat off

He said, "May as well let 'em know who I am, sarge"

Heyworth shrugged He had chaperoned many men on this final journey Within all reasonable limits he was ready to give them their own way

"Sure," said McGonigle in a loud voice, "may as well give the peasantry a thrill. I guess they never been so close to a guy who's knocked off twelve men before"

"Twelve?" said Heyworth 'Headquarters figures only four"

"Four," said McGonigle, as if someone had impugned his mother's honour "They're crazy, sarge. It was twelve I remember every one of them. I—"

He was interrupted as a man came into the car nodded to Heyworth and took the seat facing them. He was a little man of indeterminate age He wore a neat grey suit, a dark conservative tie and an air of innocence

He said to Heyworth, "Good morning, sergeant I didn't expect to see you today."

Heyworth nodded in McGonigle's direction McGonigle grinned and said noisily, "I guess there's a lot of people on this train that didn't expect to see me I'm McGonigle" He paused and added a trifle anxiously, "I guess you've heard of me"

"I have"

McGonigle's smile held satisfaction "I guess you read the papers about the trial But you know the newspapers didn't tell the half"

"Really?" said the little man politely

"No, siree," said Sealed Lips McGonigle "There was a fellow about three years ago I killed him for four hundred bucks A lousy four hundred bucks" He snapped the fingers of his free hand

"Yep," said McGonigle, 'I've knocked off twelve guys And I done it all by myself Not like that punk, Capone, who hired his killing done Twelve guys is a lot, ain't it?"

The little man nodded.

"I guess you never killed twelve guys did you?" McGonigle went off into a roar of laughter

The little man looked vaguely uncomfortable. He shrugged his shoulders and did not answer

"And the cheapest job I ever did," said McGonigle 'was for two hundred bucks Now how'd you like to kill a guy for that sort of lousy dough?"

The little man smiled vacantly He stood up He said nervously, "I guess I'll go along to the smoker for a cigar" He nodded to Heyworth He caught the eye of Sealed Lips McGonigle and muttered, "Be seeing you, sir"

The little man walked away. In the doorway of the car he stood for a moment and regarded McGonigle with an odd and puzzled expression

As he disappeared, Sealed Lips McGonigle turned to Sergeant Heyworth He was vastly amused.

"Well" he said, "I guess I knocked him for a loop, all right. Did you hear me ask him if he ever bumped off twelve men? God, did you see his face?"

McGonigle was embarked on a spasm of laughter when Heyworth said slowly, 'I forget the exact number. I think it's a hundred and nine"

"A hundred and nine what?"

"The little man He's killed a hundred and nine men His name's Heddant—the State Executioner," said Heyworth He added gently, "He gets a hundred and fifty dollars for each job"

Suddenly, and for the first time in his life, Sealed Lips McGonigle was living up to his name



UICK UIPS

We have a girl in our office who is so dumb that she thinks signet rings are used to mark young swans. We were discussing stowaways the other day and she told us that stowaways are people who eat a lot while on an ocean trip You never saw anyone so dumb She thinks a buttress is a female goat

Yesterday this girl told us she had half a mind to leave us Hope she does not leave it to us

You know she is a very hungry girl She has no idea where her next male is coming from

Getting away from the dumb office girl we read the other day that a concert artiste who is only 4 feet 10, plays a 6 feet 9 inch harp This requires plenty of pluck

A chap we know recently won first prize in the lottery and his wife bought 50 hats on the strength of the win It sort of went to her head

Speaking of going upward, we believe trapeze artists are very highly paid They fly through the air with the greatest of fees

Then there was the surveyor in England who was examining a blitzed church when part of the building collapsed He is suffering from fallen arches

Fallen arches reminds us of athletes There is a group of athletes in Sydney who are training on grapefruit It gives them that extra spurt

Like a sign we saw recently on a lawn It read "Your feet are killing me"

Did you hear about the world famous comedian who always took three gag-writers with him when on tours? He had to keep his wits about him Incidentally, that comedian's average income was about three o'clock in the morning

And, speaking of income, if you want to know the value of a shilling, try to borrow one

The club bore announced that he had a price on his head One of the members murmured "So had the Mad Hatter"

Which reminds us of the prison warder who became so pally with the inmates that he was fired He used to call them by their first two numbers And, when you think of law you think of sleuths—you know, a sleuth is a guy who finds out wheu sleu wheu

Think we had better use a bit of diplomacy, if you know what that means—lying in state Upun my word!


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